OMAR KHAYYÁM

A New Version Based upon
Recent Discoveries

by

ARTHUR J ARBERRY, LITT D, F B A
SIR THOMAS ADAMS'S PROFESSOR OF ARABIC (CAMBRIDGE),
SOMETIME PROFESSOR OF PERSIAN (LONDON)

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JOHN MURRAY
ALBEMARLE STREET

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WOOD ENGRAVING BY REYNOLDS STONE

Introduction

THE universal fame of Omar Khayyám is surely a unique phenomenon in the history of literature, in the sense that his name would certainly never have been known to any but a few specialists outside the country of his birth, and little celebrated in Persia, had it not been for the quite astounding popularity of the translation of his poems made by Edward FitzGerald What makes the story all the more astonishing is the fact that FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát* would itself in all likelihood have taken a humble place among the half-forgotten products of minor Victorian literature, if not been totally neglected, but for the chance interest taken in it by powerful critics of his day The details of the "discovery" are well known, but always bear repeating In the words of his editor in Everyman's Library, "His *Omar Khayyám*, after being offered in vain to *Fraser's Magazine*, had been published by Quaritch as a small quarto, without the author's name It gained no notice, and most of the two hundred copies found their way into a remainder box, and were sold at a penny each Rossetti and Swinburne were among the early buyers, and Swinburne took a copy triumphantly to George Meredith, and so the first discovery of its original value came about A second revised edition followed ten years later " The first edition was issued in 1859, the second in 1868, the third in 1872, the fourth in 1879, the fifth (in FitzGerald's *Collected Works*) in 1889, twenty other editions appeared before the close of the century, and the poem has maintained its extraordinary vogue ever since, there can scarcely be a household in all Britain which has not at some time possessed a copy in some shape or form British soldiers have taken it with them into action in two world wars

their much or little to this international discussion, Christensen, who in 1904 had admitted only 12 quatrains as genuinely Omar's, in 1927 moderated his opinion to the extent of allowing 121, out of 1,231 known to be ascribed, as reasonably authentic In doing so he noted the views of E G Browne and R. A Nicholson, the former stated that "The upshot of the whole inquiry is that, while it is certain that 'Umar Khayyám wrote many quatrains, it is hardly possible, save in a few exceptional cases, to assert positively that he wrote any particular one of those ascribed to him", while the latter added, "As time passed and the texts grew in size, larger accretions of alloy must have continually gathered round the true 'Umarian metal, which has come down to us indeed, but so effectually hidden that 'Umar himself might be puzzled to find it again" Christensen's moderate generosity to Omar's genius was not allowed to go unchallenged, H A Schaeder for instance is reported to have declared in 1934 that Omar wrote virtually nothing, and that "his name must be struck out of the history of Persian literature"

The chief argument used by scholars challenging Omar's authorship of the *Rubáiyát* was the striking fact that, of the manuscripts of his poems hitherto known, the earlier their date the fewer the verses they contained The Bodleian codex used by FitzGerald, with its 158 quatrains, continued for many years to be the most ancient, and this was written 328 or, according to the recent researches of Dr C Rempis, 338 years after Omar's death As the splendid Istanbul libraries came to be examined, several other copies from the fifteenth century were brought to light, one, of exactly the same age as the the Bodleian manuscript, had 315 quatrains, whereas another four years its senior possessed only 131 It was noticed that the total rose rapidly in copies of the sixteenth and later centuries, nothing much earlier than 1460 was found Then in 1925 the German scholar F Rosen published a copy bearing the date 721 (1321), with 329 quatrains, but the antiquity of this

Yet the position of Omar Khayyám in the world of letters, at the time when FitzGerald happened upon him, was well described by his first translator "For whatever Reason Omar . has never been popular in his own country, and therefore has been but scantily transmitted abroad The MSS, of his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reacht Westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of Arms and Science" And so Omar might well have remained for all time, certainly it is most unlikely that professional scholars of Persian literature would have paid much attention to him, for there are many far more famous poets to engage their interest But in time the wide popularity of the *Rubáiyát*, and its sheer commercial success, obliged scholars to notice Omar It was quickly discovered, what FitzGerald in fact candidly confessed, that this was no ordinary translation, though based upon the Bodleian manuscript, dated 865 (1460–1), it drew upon various other sources, not exclusively of Omar himself, and the version was in many ways exceedingly free, far more than would be reckoned allowable had Omar written Greek or Latin So began an exciting hunt for the originals of FitzGerald's stanzas, a sport which amused quite a number of ingenious people quite a long time

Omar was by now a household name The scholars ransacked libraries for other manuscripts, and found a wild discrepancy between the copies discovered Many of the quatrains were attributed to many other poets besides Omar In 1897 the Russian savant Zhukovsky published an article entitled "Wandering Quatrains of Omar Khayyám", which proved the beginning of a new and still more thrilling chase he showed that of the 464 stanzas contained in the edition (Paris, 1867) of J B Nicolas, no fewer than 82 were elsewhere assigned to 39 different poets—a number later raised to 108 by the further investigations of E Denison Ross and the Danish scholar A Christensen After many others had contributed

manuscript was immediately questioned, and there is no reasonable doubt that the transcription belongs to the sixteenth or even the seventeenth century

It fell to the eminent Persian savant Mirza Mohammed Qazvini to be the first to discover a manuscript genuinely of the fourteenth century containing poems by Omar, this was an anthology dated 741 (1340), and it was noticed as highly significant that only 13 quatrains were given to Omar C. Rempis followed up this find with the discovery of an anthology ten years older, containing 33 quatrains After careful sifting of texts in which Omar was quoted, by authors writing up to the end of the fourteenth century, the view generally held by European specialists was that Christensen's allowance of 121 was far too liberal, and that Omar was indeed a very minor poet, in fact no more than a convenient peg upon which had been hung any quatrain of a slightly sceptical or hedonistic character On the other hand Mohammed Ali Furughi, Prime Minister of Persia, after considering all the evidence assembled in the West and having ransacked his own country's libraries for new materials, in his edition of 1321 (1942) claimed 178 quatrains for Omar, still a comparatively low figure, but much more than Western scholars would agree upon at that time The Russian-born expert V Minorsky summed up the position in the *Encyclopædia of Islam* as follows "The upshot of the preceding story is that we possess nothing approaching a *recensio recepta* of Khaiyām's poetical works What should we say, if for characteristics of a historical personality we had his correspondence in which scarcely a single letter could be authenticated and many were decidedly spurious?"

So matters stood after half a century's intensive investigation, in which eminent scholars of many nationalities had enthusiastically shared Omar, now relegated to a quite insignificant position in the history of Persian literature, had

enjoyed a degree of attention far exceeding that bestowed on all the other poets of Persia put together, all on account of the accident that FitzGerald had put out in his name a string of just over 100 quatrains which were acclaimed as a masterpiece of English writing. Many poets or poetasters had meanwhile vainly sought to emulate FitzGerald's success in many languages, and the popular cult of Omar had grown to quite fantastic proportions. But the book of scientific inquiry appeared to be closed; all that remained, at most, was a reconsideration of a few points of detail. Omar studies had assembled a bibliography worthy of a major Classical poet; the subject had been exhausted; nothing was left but an arid field scarce worth ploughing again.

It was therefore with no ordinary curiosity that I heard, some little while since, of the existence of a manuscript of the *Rubáiyát*, just then acquired by that great bibliophile Mr Chester Beatty, reported as antedating very considerably all known copies, and of a certain modest size. It needed only one glance at the handwriting, paper and ink, to be quite convinced that the date in the colophon was authentic. In 658 (1259–60) a scribe calling himself Mohammed al-Qawām of Nishapur—Omar's own birthplace—had made, seemingly in his old age, a little volume consisting of 172 quatrains, and the phrasing he employed on the title-page suggested that this was in fact a *selection* of the poems of Omar. The text of this manuscript, which included eight quatrains not hitherto reported, was edited by me with a short critical apparatus and a literal translation, and published at Mr Chester Beatty's expense early in 1950. No sooner had I handed over the copy of this book to the printers than an article appeared in the Teheran literary review *Yādgār*, unsigned but believed to be by the pen of Professor Abbas Iqbal, announcing the discovery in private ownership of a copy of the *Rubáiyát* dated 604 (1207), and giving some specimens of its contents. I was able to insert some references to this new find into the proofs

of my edition of the Chester Beatty manuscript, but was not in the position to do anything more at that time, nor indeed did I suppose that it would ever be open to me to do so

But Omar had not yet finished with me In the Summer of 1950 the "Teheran" manuscript suddenly appeared in London and was offered for sale to Cambridge University Library So for a second time I was first at the scene of a sensational acquisition Again a single glance was enough, the date 604 was genuine The Cambridge copy, also described on its title-page, and in its colophon, as a selection, comprised 252 quatrains, and this written only 75 years after Omar's death It was a part of an anthology of early Persian poets, transcribed by a certain Ghiyāth al-Dīn Mohammed ibn Yūsuf ibn 'Alī, the calligraphy was thoroughly characteristic of its period, and the binding appeared almost contemporary As in the Chester Beatty manuscript, the date was written out at length in words, not given in numerals, and there was no sign that the writing had been tampered with

So it fell to the extraordinary fortune of one and the same man, not hitherto particularly interested in Omar studies, to be the first European scholar to handle the two oldest and most important Omar manuscripts ever discovered It was already obvious from the Chester Beatty manuscript that the prevailing theory of widespread false attribution was no longer tenable, therefore the possibility once more existed that Omar really was a substantial poet, and that it would be a grave injustice for his name to be "struck out of the history of Persian literature" The Cambridge codex fully endorsed the necessity of making an entire re-estimate of Omar's position There was first of all the most significant fact of its being described as a *selection* of the poems and a selection amounting to 252 items points to a *corpus* of at least 750 Secondly, the Cambridge manuscript put Omar in company with other poets, including Sanā'i, who cannot by any stretch of the imagination be described as of minor importance, therefore

the copyist, a well-read man writing within 75 years of Omar's death, regarded him as much more than a trivial poet. Thirdly, there would hardly have been time in 75 years to build up an almost mythical figure into an author of perhaps 750 quatrains, it would be impossible to point to any parallel to such a phenomenon in the whole of Persian literature, not even the text of Hāfiz suffered from inflation to anything like such an extent, and it is obviously more attractive to assign poems to a famous author than to one of merely imaginary importance On these counts, therefore, the conclusion seems to be inescapable that Omar did in fact compose a large number of quatrains The field of research, so far from being barren, has suddenly been wholly revitalised

The first question now arising is again which of the poems attributed to Omar are really his? From this follow other problems why is there such a hiatus in the transmission, so that we have to wait two centuries before the poems are again transcribed in bulk? If Omar was regarded as a very considerable poet in 1207, what happened to his reputation afterwards and why was his fame eclipsed? These are very interesting puzzles, and will require a longish time to elucidate in full perhaps no complete solution will ever be discoverable At the moment these posers are so new that only a speculative reply can be offered

Let us take the question of authorship first, and indicate some of the immediately relevant facts that need to be considered A comparison of the Cambridge (hereafter called C) and the Chester Beatty (CB) manuscripts reveals that CB is a partial copy of C, not only are all its 172 quatrains present in the older codex, but the arrangement of the poems and many of the eccentric (but probably correct) readings are also to be found in C, the arrangement indeed differs in places, but only in such a way as to suggest either that some of the folios of C were formerly bound up in another order, or that the copyist

of CB sometimes went back and forth in his reading of C. A more detailed examination of the incidental variations in the order of the poems, and a consideration of the reasons why 172 quatrains were taken and 80 left—these are tasks of minute scholarship not so relevant to a general discussion, though interesting enough in themselves A table comparing summarily the contents of the chief manuscripts and editions is in the appendix of the present volume Here it will be sufficient to point out that of the 33 quatrains quoted in the anthology of 1330 (of which two are repeated, so that the true total is 31), 8 only are given in C, and 7 in CB, of the 13 contained in the anthology of 1340, 11 are in C, 9 in CB, of the 158 in the Bodleian manuscript, 60 are in C, only 42 in CB, of Christensen's selection of 121 "genuine" stanzas 67 are present in C, only 48 in CB, of Furughi's choice of 178, 89 are in C and 69 in CB

Turning from transcription and edition to early quotation, the following facts are noteworthy In the *Sindbadh-nāma* of Mohammed Samarqandī, composed in 556 (1161), five quatrains of Omar Khayyám are cited, anonymously as with all the poetry in that book, of these, three occur in C and CB Najm al-Dīn Dāya, the author of the *Mirsād al-'ibād* which was written in 620 (1223), quotes two quatrains of Omar, both are given in C, one only in CB The famous history of Juvainī cites Omar once, this quatrain appears in C and CB Hamd Allāh Mustaufī in his *Tārīkh-i guzīda*, completed in 730 (1330), also quotes Omar once, the quatrain occurs in neither manuscript Professor Sa'id Nafisi discovered in Persia a commonplace book written *circa* 750 (1349), in which 11 quatrains ascribed to Omar are given, of these 6 are in C, 4 in CB His Excellency Dr Qasim Ghani found in the National Library at Teheran an anthology of Persian poetry, apparently composed during the fourteenth century, which quotes Omar five times, two of these quatrains appear in C and CB.

After this recital of bleak but solid facts, an accumulation

of evidence—no doubt yet to be expanded as old texts and manuscripts come to be further studied—which all tends to strengthen the claims of C and CB to be considered reasonably authoritative, we turn with much hesitation to the far more difficult problems of the hiatus in transmission, and the decline in Omar's reputation The first observation that needs to be made here is that, in view of the very incomplete information yet available about the contents of the manuscript collections in Turkey and Persia, it may well be that other Omar codices of the thirteenth century, and perhaps even earlier, still remain to be discovered, so that we cannot by any means be certain that the apparent hiatus really exists Secondly, it is to be remembered that Persian manuscripts dating from before the Mongol invasions are comparatively rare, so great was the holocaust that accompanied those disasters, and many old copies of the *Rubáiyát* may have perished in the general conflagration, or been destroyed by deliberate vandalism or fanaticism It is worth while recalling the fate which has befallen many once famous and popular poets of old Persia, for instance Rūdakī who died in 329 (940–1), and was accounted the first great Persian poet, is said by some to have composed more than a million verses, yet of these a mere handful have survived. In the face of these and similar facts—for many like instances could be mentioned—it becomes almost surprising that Omar has come down to us at all other than in sporadic quotation, and the discovery of these two fine thirteenth-century manuscripts stands out by contrast as most exceptional

Experts have speculated that the *Rubáiyát* have reached us by several distinct lines of transmission C and CB are now seen to belong to one and the same family, and further analysis may establish them to have had numerous progeny. Evidence at present available suggests however that they enjoyed a very limited circulation, they were certainly never in any public collection, perhaps they remained jealously guarded treasures

of individual households for many generations, as has often happened with oriental manuscripts The compiler of C writes in his final colophon as though he acted not only as transcriber but also in a sense as editor, he says that he carried through his labour "on the spur of the moment" and "in a great hurry", and gives these circumstances as palliation for any errors he may have committed If the question is asked, what sources did he draw upon in making his selection, it is obvious that the point cannot be answered except speculatively One might suppose that he had at his disposal a splendid old manuscript of the twelfth century, possibly the *recensio recepta* desired by Professor Minorsky, containing as many as 750 quatrains It might equally well be conjectured that he had a number of commonplace books before him, each comprising a smaller or greater collection, from which he chose what pleased him as he went along, though against this hazard is to be set the fact that he never quotes the same poem twice, which being in a hurry he might well have done There is the third possibility that he was transmitting from memory, educated Persians of his time, and indeed of all times, carried in their minds quite incredible quantities of poetry On the whole however, the most plausible theory is that he had a single manuscript in his hands If so, we have to debate whether Omar himself ever issued a definitive edition of his poems, or whether the quatrains came into general circulation in another fashion This is a point to which we shall return a little later, when we come to discuss the nature of the quatrain as an art-form, and the characteristics of Omar's style

If a hiatus in the transmission did in fact occur after C and CB were compiled, this would seem inevitably to be bound up with the equally problematical decline in Omar's reputation; other factors are also no doubt involved Furughi in any case would not have it that Omar's fame was ever slight in Persia, and protested vigorously against the fashion of saying that only FitzGerald's translation rescued him from complete obscurity

This is surely as much an exaggeration one way, as was the view he opposed in the other Beyond all reasonable doubt a decline did take place, and it is quite easy to invent plausible explanations The giants of Persian literature, with a few notable exceptions such as Firdausī and Anvarī, belong to the thirteenth and two succeeding centuries, with the magnificent poetry of 'Attār, Rūmī, Sa'dī, Hāfiz and Jāmī (to mention only the chiefest) to transcribe, copyists and their employers would have comparatively little use for the much slighter Omar Moreover a great change in literary taste had taken place in the years of the Mongol invasions, but this is a matter examination of which, within the limits set by this essay, we must also postpone in order to take it in our stride when we are looking at Omar's philosophy of life Later it became possible for Omar's message to be accepted either for what it really was, or as a mystical allegory, and so his reputation was once more enhanced, and copyists looking for little tasks of calligraphy to please less wealthy patrons did not mind turning to the *Rubáiyát* now and again

At this point it will be convenient to halt for the time being these more recondite arguments, of interest rather to scholars of Persian literature than to the general reader and to come back once more to FitzGerald and his celebrated paraphrase His method has been described and discussed frequently in the past, it will be recalled that E Heron-Allen, a great enthusiast who made a most painstaking analysis of the *Rubáiyat*, showed that 49 of the stanzas are more or less faithful renderings of single quatrains, or parts of them, 44 are contaminations of more than one quatrain several belong to other poets, and 3 cannot be traced to any known original It is fairly common knowledge that the arrangement of the quatrains to form a single work of art was FitzGerald's own invention, each stanza being in the Persian an isolated composition It is also widely realized that some of the most famous stanzas in FitzGerald's

sequence are rather free adaptations of what Omar wrote. In my edition of Mr Chester Beatty's manuscript I went to the trouble of giving a very close and unemotional translation of the Persian, so as to illustrate this point for those interested to know the plain facts, and was somewhat brusquely taken to task by an eminent literary reviewer for my pains Nevertheless I do not propose to be discouraged by so curious a misunderstanding of an elementary duty of scholarship, and boldly repeat the offence here, in greater detail within a much more limited compass

Let us make a beginning with the stanza chosen by FitzGerald, with great artistry, to open his poem In the first edition it appears in the following form

> Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
> Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight,
> And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
> The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light

FitzGerald worked over this quatrain with very great care The second edition read

> Wake! For the Sun behind yon Eastern height
> Has chased the Session of the Stars from Night,
> And, to the field of Heav'n ascending, strikes
> The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light

The first draft of the third edition modified the opening couplet to

> Wake! For the Sun before him into Night
> A Signal flung that put the Stars to flight

Finally came the revision which satisfied the fastidious craftsman

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light

Now for Omar himself, he wrote

khurshīdh° kamand-i subh° bar bām afgand
kaikhusrav-i rūz° muhra dar jām afgand
mai khur ki nidā-yi 'ishq° hangām-i sahar
āvīza-yi ishrabū dar aiyām afgand

The literal meaning of these lines is as follows

The sun the noose of morning upon the roof has cast,
the emperor of day the pebble into the cup has cast,
drink wine, for the proclamation of Love at the time of dawn
the cry "Drink ye!" among the days has cast

But this stark translation requires to be amplified by an analysis of the images in Omar's mind, in order that the full implication of the poem may be realized He pictures the rising sun as a royal huntsman about to lead the chase into the field The huntsman, already in the saddle visibly, in high spirits casts his lasso and catches the roof-top in its spinning noose the scene is well-observed—the roof-top is now the broad expanse of the skies, suddenly lit up by the radiance of a Persian sunrise In his other hand the huntsman holds the bowl into which he has already cast the pebble which is the conventional signal for departure, but this second image merges brilliantly into a third, the bowl of which the poet speaks, heaven's bowl, leads naturally to the recollection of the more customary use of a bowl, the pebble is seen to be red

(the rising sun itself), and glows red in the Eastern sky like wine in a glass Dawn is thus the signal for beginning another day of drinking, the poet therefore commands his friend, the beloved saki, to drink, for the thought of wine automatically evokes the recollection of love The last image of the poem is a characteristic touch of blasphemy Omar is reminded of the mystical legend, that in the beginning Divine Love, the saki of God the Lover, poured wine for God the Beloved on forty successive mornings, and so created the world—as a later poet, 'Irāqī, put the matter

From the founts
Of power creative the Artificer
Brought forth the several species true to type,
And after forty days in perfect form
Produced them visible on forty dawns
The cup was passed, whereof each spirit drew
Life-giving draughts

Since God on that remote occasion commanded the things to be created to drink of the wine of His creative power, so, according to Omar's bacchanalian logic, the Divine Order is still to be obeyed He uses the hieratic Arabic *ishrabū* to emphasize the sublime origin of the behest, and in doing so, echoes those passages in the Koran where men are bidden to "eat and *drink* the good things wherewith they have been provided" And having resolved to employ this Arabic word in the last line of his poem, he prepares for it with consummate artistry by using the Arabic terms for morning (line 1), proclamation (line 3) and dawn (line 3) (Incidentally, it is to be observed that the outrageous wit of the concluding couplet only appears in its full brilliance in C and CB later manuscripts in which the poem is found expurgate the phrasing so as to omit the reference to Divine Love being the original saki, so destroying the entire beauty of the image)

When we return from Omar's apparently simple but in fact very subtle diction to FitzGerald's extremely polished paraphrase, we see that the latter entirely omits the second half of the original stanza, while he progressively changes the imagery of the first half until the scene evoked by Omar is altered almost beyond recognition. FitzGerald eventually evolved a very satisfying quatrain, but it is a pale reflection indeed of the glittering splendour of Omar's lines. Our analysis of the Persian poet's images by no means exhausts the examination; we must note his verbal felicities, and easy, effortless use of the rhetorical figures required in his time for elegant composition. There is a beautiful balance between *khurshīdh* (the sun) and *kaikhusrav-i rūz* (the emperor of day); there is much charm in the successive references to morn and day (*subh, rūz, sahar, aiyām*), the Arabic *nidā* (proclamation) is delicately coupled with the Persian *āvāza* (cry), the repetition thrice of the verb *afgand* (cast), each time in a slightly different idiom, is masterly; the alliteration is restrained but most effective. When the quatrain is studied to this degree of detail, it becomes obvious that no translator, however skilful and of whatever language, could hope to catch more than a few flashes and echoes of this masterpiece of miniature writing, a veritable jewel of the poetic art.

Now let us look at what is perhaps FitzGerald's best-known stanza:

> Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
> A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
> And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

That is how it first appeared. The second edition substituted "a little Bread" for "a Loaf of Bread", but the translator repented of this, and finally satisfied himself with

Omar Khayyâm

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
  Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow

Omar wrote

gar dast° dihadh zi maghz-i gandum nānī
v-az mai du manī zi gūs°pandī rānī
  bā dilbarakī nishasta dar vīrānī
'aishī st° ki nīst° hadd-i har sultānī

The literal translation of this is

If hand should give (i e if there should be at hand) of the pith of wheat a loaf,
and of wine a two-maunder (jug), of a sheep a thigh,
with a little sweetheart seated in a desolation,
a pleasure it is that is not the attainment of any sultan

The poem is much simpler than the preceding, but has its own particular elegances To begin with, Omar sets out to use commonplace, rustic images—a characteristic of the quatrain in its original form to which we shall refer in a subsequent context Nevertheless he is a fastidious "bucolic" his loaf must be baked of the finest wheaten flower, he will not be satisfied with the crude barley-meal of the true peasant He asks for the thigh of a sheep, for his meat is to be succulent and tender His companion is to be a pretty young boy (boy rather than girl for Persian poetic taste), the diminutive is used, to prevent us from imagining a strapping country bumpkin And in order to bring home the artificiality of the situation created in the first three lines, all in pure Persian, in his concluding verse he introduces no fewer than three Arabic words, thus giving a very urbane finish to the poem We are to observe the

mention of several parts of the body, in line 1, *dast* (hand, used idiomatically) and *maghz* (brain, but here by metaphor pith), in line 2, *rānī* (thigh), in line 3, the suggestion of *dil* (heart) in *dilbarakī* (sweetheart), and there are some obscene echoes in certain other words. The image of desolation (*vīrānī*) is required in order to balance with the picture of splendid palaces conjured up by the mention of *sultānī*, palaces themselves destined, in Omar's philosophy of life, some day sooner rather than later to become desolations. The word *'aish* (pleasure, originally life) is employed in line 4 because its colloquial use for wheat or bread balances with *nānī* in line 1. The term *hadd* (attainment, literally boundary) reminds us that *kingdoms* are limited by their confines, whereas the care-free lover's life which the poet seeks, in the desolation of no-man's-land, is boundless.

Now going back to FitzGerald, it is to be remarked that Omar says nothing about a Book of Verses underneath the Bough, though a later copyist credits him with having done so. And indeed the idea would never have occurred to him, first because an educated Persian of his time would scarcely dream of taking a manuscript with him on a picnic in the desert, having by heart enough poetry to suffice him for many picnics, and secondly for the simple reason that in a Persian wilderness there are not apt to be any trees, and in any case the mention of green shady boughs will chime ill with the austere note struck by the reference to deserted ruins. Nevertheless this was FitzGerald's compensation for omitting the third item in Omar's pannier, the thigh of mutton, which naturally appeared to the English poet as a most unromantic object, totally alien to his Victorian theory of literary proprieties, and it is hard to condemn his fastidiousness, when one considers how faithful Whinfield, the painstaking but pedestrian scholarly versifier, rendered the phrase as "mutton chine" for no other ostensible reason than that he needed a rhyme for wine. As things turned out, ironically enough the Book of Verses promoted

by FitzGerald, as between his first and his final version, from third to first place in the catalogue of amenities, appealed to his public as the most elegant and poetical item of all, and many a pale Victorian young lady or gentleman, when packing the luncheon-basket for the excursion to the woods, must have remembered with religious fidelity to include a prettily-bound copy of the *Rubáiyát*

Here is one of FitzGerald's most suggestive stanzas

> And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
> Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
> Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder, and
> He bid me taste of it, and 'twas—the Grape!

The first version almost contented him, the only change he made in the final draft was to heighten the mystery by substituting "shining" for "stealing" But what does Omar actually say?

> sarmast° ba-maikhāna guzar kardam dūsh
> pīrī dīdham mast u sabū'ī bar dūsh
> guftam ki chirā nadārī az yazdān sharm
> guftā ki karīmast° khudhā bādha ba-nūsh

And this means literally

> Drunken by the wine-house I passed yesternight,
> an old man I saw, drunk, and a pitcher on (his) shoulder,
> I said, "Why hast thou not before God shame?"
> He said, "Generous is God drink wine!"

There is nothing in the original about an Angel Shape, and the whole ghostly atmosphere of FitzGerald's version is completely at variance with the dissolute scene as pictured by Omar The beauty of the Persian poem is of a different kind, but no less striking, while the stanza ends with a typical touch

of sacrilegious humour wholly lacking in FitzGerald. It is a familiar scene. The young tippler encounters the old reprobate coming drunk out of the tavern, and affects to be shocked by the contrast between the reverend mien of the elder (the word *pīr* connotes piety as well as age) and the flagrant evidence of his addiction to the unlawful pleasure of drinking. Normally, in the poetry of the moralists, it would be the pious elder who would ask the young debauchee whether he was not ashamed to be seen by God in his sins; Omar reverses the roles, and so gives the old rascal the opportunity of drawing upon his sententious wisdom to say first of all that Allah is Gracious—a blameless observation very proper upon the lips of a tottering old man, no doubt in rags and looking to God for sustenance, and whatever he may be able to collect from the charity of the hale and hearty. But Allah's Grace consists first in His promise to pardon the sins of those who believe in Him, and secondly in creating wine; and it is the delight of drinking this that the elder urges his young disciple to gratify.

So one by one FitzGerald's stanzas could be examined against a dissection of the literal meaning and inward spirit of Omar's originals. But to make anything approaching even a representative analysis of this sort would call for a great number of pages, and it must suffice for the present merely to indicate the lines on which an extended inquiry could be conducted. Enough has been given here to show, what was already widely accepted, that FitzGerald is often very far indeed from the actual wording of Omar, to an extent that would be condemned as impermissible in any version of a European poet; but FitzGerald had been excused, apart from the greatness of his poetical achievement, perhaps because Europe has adopted a somewhat colonial attitude to oriental writing, perhaps also because it was fashionably supposed that Persian images were apt to be so alien to Western taste as to be beyond accurate reflection. But while the English poet has been forgiven his

infidelity to the letter, he has generally been defended as being most admirably faithful to the spirit of his Persian model Thus Christensen, who made the most meticulous examination of Omar's themes and the "philosophy" of his poetry, summed up the results of his research in the following words "The portrait of the poet 'Umar-i-Khayyám which outlines itself from this selection does not, indeed, differ very much from the one familiar to us through the version of FitzGerald We see that FitzGerald, for all the liberties he has taken with the original, has grasped with a sure psychological and esthetical instinct the true kernel of the 'Umarian poetry" It remains to consider whether this verdict is still justified, now that the discovery of the Cambridge and Chester Beatty manuscripts has given us a so much clearer picture of what Omar really wrote

First it is necessary, quite briefly, to get rid of the misapprehension, against which FitzGerald himself rightly protested in the preface to the second edition of his *Rubáiyát*, that Omar was a mystical poet, and that all his references to wine and drunkenness must be interpreted allegorically The theory was put out by Nicolas, Omar's French editor, and has been held by a number of the poet's less discriminating admirers, and indeed there is some substance for their error, seeing that the libertine imagery had already been freely used by Persian mystics, and had hardened into a traditional vocabulary employed ever since in lyrical poetry

Moreover the mistake is of very long standing, for we read in the *History of the Philosophers* of Qiftí, who died in 646 (1248), that "the Sufis (Moslem mystics) came upon some of his entirely exoteric poetry and converted it to their peculiar fashion, quoting it in their religious circles", and in fact we have confirmatory evidence of this, since some of Omar's quatrains are included in the ancient manuscripts of the *Rubáiyát* of Rūmī, the greatest of Persian mystics who died in 672 (1273) But this fancy cannot stand up to criticism, even

the most superficial perusal of Omar's poems makes it abundantly clear that he was no friend of the Sufis, whom he both parodies and directly attacks in a number of places

It is a cardinal error to read Omar in isolation, and to imagine that one can understand and appreciate his poetry without reference to all that had happened in Persian literature and Islamic philosophy before him There is no valid reason to suppose that he invented a single one of the many images he uses, or that he was in the slightest degree original in his outlook on the world Artificiality and convention are such predominant features of Persian (and, for that matter, Arabic and Turkish) poetry, that it is safest to assume, for want of positive evidence to the contrary, in studying any of these classical poets that they were merely refining and selecting out of a well-seasoned and almost static repertory accumulated through many preceding generations Unfortunately we do not yet possess, what would be of the utmost value to criticism, a historical dictionary of images in Islamic poetry, but we do know enough to be quite certain in the case of Omar that he had already many predecessors in what he tried to say, and even to some extent in the manner of his saying it Our task of appreciation is to consider his poems in the light of these facts, and to evaluate his individual genius accordingly

Omar is above all other things a poet of rationalist pessimism but unlike the majority of pessimists he never takes himself or his views too tragically, and therefore his style is lightened and enlivened by a very delicate sense of humour He was certainly by no means the first rationalist in Islam, indeed he was very nearly the last in a long and distinguished succession It would take us very far afield indeed to enter upon even a cursory sketch of the history of free-thought in the religion of Mohammed, and it will have to do in this context to refer briefly to some salient examples Rationalism was a battle fought, sometimes openly and sometimes under cover, against the domination of orthodoxy and Arab rule by those

various elements in the Empire who, having read the Greek philosophers, desired either out of honest conviction or for political motives to challenge the authority of authority, or at least to make smug self-satisfaction feel uncomfortable. Persian intellectuals in particular resented the subjugation of their once proud and powerful country, and while they had no special affection for Zoroastrian beliefs and ways they were not averse to reminding their Arab overlords that Islam was a foreign and a not very clever creed. wine, which was allowed by Zoroaster but prohibited by Mohammed, provided an admirable symbol of rebellion, the more especially because it maketh glad the heart of man. The Persians quite early in the history of Islam taught the Arab rulers how to drink, and found them apt enough pupils, the caliph Yazīd, who died in 64 (683), is reported to have been a confirmed drunkard, and is named by some as the author of those famous lines

> Ho saki, haste, the beaker bring,
> Fill up, and pass it round the ring

which Hāfiz later quoted in the most celebrated of his lyrics. Abū Nuwās, Hārun al-Rashīd's favourite poet and the unchallenged laureate of Arabic bacchanalia, had a Persian mother, many of the drinking-images which are so much enjoyed by Omar enthusiasts were used by that stout Arab libertine, he has for instance one short poem which anticipates almost uncannily FitzGerald's "Book of Verses underneath the Bough"

> Four things there be that Life impart
> To Soul, to Body, and to Heart
> A running Stream, a flowered Glade,
> A Jar of Wine, a lovely Maid

While the Epicurean delights of the flesh were flaunted to tempt Arab tyrants not ill-disposed to relax in their lavish

palaces, the more Stoic pleasures of intellectual doubt, attractively presented in brilliant writing, tantalized and exasperated the turbaned doctors of theology whose narrow training was poor equipment to counter the barbed shafts of Persian agnosticism. Rhazes, who died in 313 (925), extolled Reason as far superior to Revelation, and conceived of God not as the dread omnipotent tyrant of overwrought orthodox imagination, but as a reasonable and accommodating Being ready to forgive even unbelief. "If any man", he writes in his *Spiritual Physick*, "should doubt the truth of that law (i.e. Islam), or is ignorant of it, or is not certain that it is real, it only behoves him to search and consider to the limit of his strength and power; for if he applies all his capacity and strength, without failing or flagging, he can scarcely fail to arrive at the right goal. And if he should fail—which is scarcely likely to happen—yet Almighty God is more apt to forgive and pardon him, seeing that He requires of no man what lies not within his capacity; rather does He charge and impose upon His servants far, far less than that." Avicenna, the greatest of Persian philosophers whose death preceded Omar's birth by less than a generation, was exceedingly addicted to wine and other carnal indulgences and argued strongly against the orthodox doctrine of a physical resurrection; his idea of Paradise was the Neoplatonic conception of union with the First Intelligence.

But even in Avicenna's lifetime the halcyon days of liberal agnosticism were at an end. Theology had now assimilated the technique of philosophical argument, and was better able to meet unbelief face to face and with equal weapons. The triumph of Mahmūd of Ghazna, that awe-inspiring Turkish bigot, made conformity the only safe and profitable qualification for a successful career in Persia. The Nizamiya Academies, established by Nizām al-Mulk (who was killed in 1092 by an Assassin) for the promotion of sound religious learning, now became the intellectual centres of Eastern Islam. In Omar's own times the Chair of Theology at Baghdad was

occupied by so redoubtable a controversialist as Ghazālī, whose complete mastery of philosophical dialectic enabled him to destroy Avicenna's influence and virtually to put an end to free speculation in Islam

Little as we know of the authentic details of Omar's life—the very year of his birth is not recorded—it is safe to assume that he was born at Nishapur the son of a tent-maker, one would suppose, not in a big way, but a fairly humble tradesman, that he studied there philosophy, mathematics and astronomy, and that he was already a scientist of repute when in 467 (1074–5) he was invited by the Seljuk ruler Malikshāh to his newly-established observatory in order to help reform the calendar All our extant authorities agree that he attained great fame in his lifetime as an astronomer and a mathematician, and that he enjoyed the favour of powerful princes, one anecdote also credits him with competence in medicine. relating that he cured Sultan Sanjar of smallpox when he was a boy We may presume that he lectured on the subjects in which he was expert, indeed we are told the names of some of his pupils, and that he was a harsh master, we are also informed of his intercourse with eminent contemporaries, such as Nizāmī the Prosodist, the learned Kakoyid prince Farāmarz, and the celebrated Ghazālī himself Qiftī and other biographers tell how he was accused of irreligion, and thereafter reined his tongue and performed the pilgrimage to Mecca as a token of his faith, that when he came to Baghdad "the people of his path in the ancient science" (i e the students of Greek philosophy) sought him out, but he closed his door against them, as if a true penitent Baihaqī has him die in the odour of sanctity, quoting as his last words the prayer, "O God, Thou art aware that I have known Thee to the full extent of my possibilities, forgive me, for my knowledge of Thee is my means of coming to Thee"

How much of this is sober fact, and how much is romantic

legend, it is hazardous in the extreme to determine, for Arab and Persian biographers are not generally over-scrupulous in their attention to the truth, and will tell a story if it is interesting and weigh its value by that criterion alone But surely if Omar was as great a scientist and philosopher as he is made out to be, he wrote singularly little to be a record of his thoughts in the realm of speculation, though of mathematics enough for him to be appraised by those competent to judge as really eminent It may be that he was one of those scholars who are disinclined to write much, and establish their reputation by the excellence of their teaching and their practical work, on the other hand it is possible that he feared to commit to paper his original findings in metaphysics, though he was famed as a follower of Avicenna, because he judged the times were not propitious for broadcasting opinions contrary to strict orthodoxy In the latter event he would have satisfied himself with expressing his dangerous doubts in the only medium open to him, occasional Persian verses recited to amuse an intimate circle of faithful friends and disciples, and some evidence in confirmation of this supposition may perhaps be found in No 206 of the collection here translated

The secrets of the world, as we
  Succinctly on our tablets write,
  Are not expedient to recite
A plague to heart and head they be

Since there is none as I can find,
  Of those brave wizards of to-day
  Worthy to hear, I cannot say
The wondrous thoughts I have in mind

It was only when the purport of these exercises of wit became known to a wider public—by the whispering of his poems abroad and the amusement and delight with which they were

greeted by his growing public—it was only then that he found himself confronted by the dread charge of infidelity, and took refuge in dissimulation to save his skin

This is all guesswork, but that it is plausible guesswork will be more apparent when we consider the history of the poetic form in which he expressed his little blasphemies I have gone into the matter at some length in the preface to my translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Rūmī, and do not propose to repeat here what I have sketched out there, but only to mention the most important and most relevant facts

The *rubái* (which is the singular of *Rubáiyát*) is the only purely Persian invention in the science of prosody, all other Persian poetry being written in Arabic metres and forms It is said that the characteristic rhythm was discovered by a very early Persian poet of the ninth or tenth century who heard a boy shout at his play a phrase which, as they say, went with a swing, he matched the phrase with three others on the same metrical pattern, and so created the *rubái* or foursome Soon others began to compose in this fashion, and the vogue spread throughout Persia "Noble and commoner", writes a later prosodist, "alike were entranced by this form, scholar and illiterate equally enamoured of this poetry, ascetic and reprobate each had a share in it, pious and wicked each had an affection for it, men of crooked temperament, who could not make out verse from prose, and had no knowledge of metre and stress, found an excuse in the song for dancing, men whose hearts were dead, so that they could not distinguish between the melody of the pipes and the braying of a donkey, and were removed a thousand leagues from the delights of the lute's strain, were ready to yield up their souls for a quatrain "

The test of excellence in a *rubái* was its spontaneity and appositeness, being of plebeian origin, it long retained a certain rustic flavour It was a common exercise for a skilled poet to compose a *rubái* on the spur of the moment, in order to

commemorate a passing incident or express a random idea The poem, being very brief, was easily remembered and passed from mouth to mouth almost with wireless rapidity Being a Persian invention, it was naturally much prized, and the uses to which it was put were varied and numerous Technically seen, the *rubái* consists of two verses, for Islamic prosody reckons what we call a couplet to be a single unit, and this fact explains the AABA pattern of its rhyme (though AAAA is permissible, and is not infrequently found in Omar's poems), for the opening verse of a Persian or Arabic or Turkish or Urdu composition contains a rhyming pair of halves, and the same rhyme is generally used throughout the poem Moreover it is a part of the classical theory of Islamic poetry that each verse should be independent in itself, and not require assistance from any previous or subsequent verse to complete its meaning Therefore the *rubái* should, and in most instances does, contain two distinct or distinguishable elements, it runs from its beginning up, and falls gently down to its close, and the squib or sting, the surprise or supreme touch of beauty, comes in the second half of the second verse—the fourth line of the FitzGerald quatrain It will be apparent from this brief description that the *rubái* has all the makings of a perfect epigrammatic form, and so in fact it is Finally, it may be usefully repeated that each half-line of the *rubái* is made up of up to thirteen syllables, as against the ten syllables of FitzGerald's imitation, and the rhythm of the *rubai* is extremely variable

Many poets had written many *rubaiyá* before Omar invented a solitary one, most of their compositions have unfortunately perished, but enough survive for us to know that the form had already been fully matured and perhaps even become rigidly fixed and conventionalized by the middle of the twelfth century The two principal themes of the *rubái*-writer were love and piety, as piety was commonly expressed in the idiom of the human passions, these two classes are not always easily separated Omar certainly knew all this poetry,

and much besides alike in Persian and Arabic, it is revealing to find him in one anecdote quoting a verse of the celebrated Arab free-thinker Abu 'l-'Alā al-Ma'arrī Knowing this poetry and its conventions, he set himself the congenial task of parodying it and using its repertory of images in fresh and amusing ways This indeed is the most marked and least recognised feature of his verse its sheer brilliance and sense of fun It is a feature which will come as a surprise to those who depend for their conception of Omar's inner meaning upon FitzGerald's paraphrase—though the English poet to be sure discerned Omar as "flinging his own genius and learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal" The humour is there, certainly, the bitterness, unless I am wholly mistaken in my estimate of the man, exceedingly rarely

I have occasionally noticed when examining old Arabic manuscripts, that it was the custom of some possessing works on philosophy, after finishing their study of the text, to add on the end fly-leaves a few Persian *rubáiyát,* and it has occurred to me to wonder whether Persian professors of philosophy may not have been in the habit of rewarding their diligent students at the conclusion of a weary course of lectures by quoting to them a few quatrains as a sort of academic liqueur much in the way that our own eminent professors are apt to throw in a jest or two to keep their classes in good humour If this theory is sound, it may provide a clue to the circumstances under which Omar composed and broadcast some of his poems, others were invented on other occasions, such as the drinking-bout and the Nauruz (New Year's Day) party It is fairly easy to pick out the academic jokes in the Cambridge manuscript of the *Rubáiyát,* but it will do no great harm to draw attention to some of them here Thus, it was obviously after a lecture on logic that Omar recited No 9 of this collection, with its glittering and extremely witty array of technical terms:

And if the saki knows aright
My Genus, and its Property,
And of each Species instantly
A hundred Cases can recite

He shall continue at his will
His Custom, when I can no more,
And with each glass that he shall pour
Enlarge my Definition still

A discourse on metaphysics may well have inspired No 22

Thou who art wholly unaware
How the world's order is designed,
Since thy foundations are the Wind
Thy structure is no more than Air

Thy being is a boundary
That runs betwixt twain nothingness
About thee all is substanceless,
Thyself, therein, Nonentity

His "divorce of barren Reason" (No 63) is a good mathematical jest

Now with a glass one measure high
Grief I will slay, old foe of mine,
And having quaffed two pints of wine,
Count no man half as rich as I

First, in divorce thrice over cried,
Reason and Faith I'll put away,
Then take, to crown my happy day,
The daughter of the grape for bride

Physics and the theory of the Four Elements put No 76 into his mind

Clean from Nonentity we came
  And all unclean we did depart,
  Entered with gladness in our heart
And left in sorrow and in shame

The Water weeping from our eyes
  Betrayed the Fire within our breast,
  Our life's to Air, and for the rest
In the dark Earth our body lies

A discussion of cosmogony, and an exposition of the rival theories that there are seven or eight "layers" of heaven, may well have been the occasion for No 218 to be composed

Since never turned the Wheel of Fate
  To suit the wishes of the wise,
  As thou desirest, count the skies
At seven, or to tot up eight

Since joy is small, and life is scant,
  And all desires in death must end,
  What care, if wolf in desert rend
Thy flesh, or gnaw, in grave, the ant?

And so forth, the instances can be multiplied, as the ingenious reader will delight to discover. And indeed the clue, once grasped, will be found to lead to further interesting disclosures, it becomes a pretty exercise of ingenuity to try to assign each quatrain to a particular incident or situation in Omar's life Is it not attractive to suppose, for instance, that he invented No 238 when it was reported to him that the theologians were accusing him of infidelity?

> With those brave stupids, two or three,
> Who in their folly are so wise
> They know, what we scarce realize,
> They only know the world, not we
>
> Thou 'st better be an ass as well,
> For they 're so sunk in assishness
> That they call every man, unless
> He be an ass, an infidel

But this is a game that more than one can play, and I will not be so inconsiderate as to rob my readers, if they so choose, of all the fun

It is time to look again at Omar's famous agnosticism, and to take in that connexion the handful of "pious" quatrains which have been such a sore vexation to some critics Stripped of its poetic ornament, Omar's philosophy of doubt can be reduced to a few very simple paradoxes

(1) If God created the world and finds evil in it, whose fault is that but God's?
(2) If God is All-merciful, why should He threaten to punish any sin?
(3) If Wine is an unlawful pleasure, why did God create it?
(4) Why does God create beautiful things, and then destroy them to no apparent purpose?

These and the rest are, of course, very ancient dilemmas, and Omar was not the first man, and not the first Moslem, to formulate them, indeed they had been hotly discussed by theologians, not to mention free-thinkers, for centuries And the solution reached by orthodoxy was not so very different in reality from that which the agnostics proposed The theologians concluded that the nature and ways of God were incomprehensible but added the rider that His Will must be

obeyed, as revealed through the mouth of His Holy Prophet; while the philosophers agreed wholeheartedly with the first thesis of their opponents (though they would vary it to say that Fate, or Chance, had best be accepted with a good grace, which is not quite the same thing as surrendering to Allah), they were inclined to demur, when bold enough, to the second dogma Not many were so courageous, or purblind, as to go the whole way of doubt, and to aver with Omar

The world's affairs, as so they seem,
  Nay, the whole universe complete
  Is a delusion and a cheat,
A fantasy, an idle dream

Yet Abu 'l-'Alā al-Ma'arrī, who lived a century before Omar, was even more forthright in his unbelief, as when he wrote (and R A Nicholson translated)

We laugh, but inept is our laughter,
  We should weep, and weep sore,
Who are shattered like glass and thereafter
  Remoulded no more

Omar at least comforted himself with the poet's fancy that his dust *would* be remoulded—he hoped, into a wine-jar

When I shall stand abashed and bowed
  And only hope remains to me,
  When the hard hand of Destiny
Has plucked me of my feathers proud

I charge you not to make my clay
  Except into a rounded bowl,
  Perchance I shall regain my soul
When the wine's fragrance wafts my way

What a world of difference between the tragic unbelief of the Syrian, and the humorous insouciance of the Persian poet!

True, there are some quatrains in which Omar appears to plumb the depths of human despair, clowns are commonly credited with broken hearts, and every scholar knows the misery of depression True, there are some in which he seems to repent of his infidelity and to wish to believe again Critics who have stumbled upon these latter poems, and found them to be stumbling-blocks, have only their theory to blame for their troubles, as if any poet ever kept consistently to a single philosophy! They do not allow for such a situation arising in Omar's life—and it is apt to happen in the East—as for instance that he should throw off a pietistic poem or two just to show that he could do it as well as the best and indeed he was certainly able to write on that theme as skilfully as the professional penitents That is one explanation which will cover the facts, we should not however lose sight of the possibility that Omar really did have moods in which he was a sincere believer, and that perhaps his biographers are telling the truth when they say that after a certain age he put away childish things But these few religious-minded verses are not characteristic of the poet his outstanding qualities are gaiety, indifference, humour, and a wonderful gift of parody Thus, it was the fashion among Persian poets to describe their emotions in highly exaggerated terms, if they burned with love, their fiery sighs would set the world alight, if they wept for woe, their tears, always crimson with their heart's blood, would flow in a mighty undammable torrent Sanā'ī, Omar's contemporary, described the passionate heart thus

A glance of tender sweetness,
  A smile, and love is born,
Love's end? A soul tormented,
  Sore weeping, and forlorn

A heart in flames consuming,
  A bitter flood of tears—
It is well known to lovers
  How love o'erwhelms and sears

Bābā Tāhir the wild mystic had an equally mournful story to tell

The fateful wheel of Heaven
  Turns ever to my woe,
Mine eyes are sore with weeping,
  My sighs to Heaven go,
  My tears in Ocean flow

And so Omar goes even farther, and invents a truly comic image to ridicule the fashion

A hundred dwellings by the surge
  Of my sad heart are drowned in gore,
  And there is fear ten thousand more
My bitter weeping may submerge

My every lash is a lock-gate
  That lets its separate runnel through,
  And if I strike my lashes to
The flood will burst, and inundate

Equally amusing is his parody of the far-fetched conceits with which the romantics sought to illustrate their extravagant feelings

None in this world may stretch his hand
  To cull the rose-cheeks of the fair,
  But that the briar of despair
Sticks in his heart its stinging brand

Regard the comb, that may not hold
  Within its grasp the darling's tress,
  Except in utter ruthlessness
It has been cleft a hundredfold

In another poem he begins in the style of the despairing mystic who complains to God of all the anguish he has suffered at His beloved hands, but whereas the mystic would end with a note of resignation (as in Rūmī's beautiful poem

He set the world aflame,
And laid me on the same,
A hundred tongues of fire
Lapped round my pyre

And when the blazing tide
Engulfed me, and I sighed,
Upon my mouth in haste
His hand He placed)

Omar for his part varies the formula with an impudent blasphemy

Lo, Thou hast shattered my adored
  And precious cup, and spilled my wine
  Against my face the gate divine
Of gladness Thou hast barred, O Lord

Yea, all my rose-red wine is sunk
  Into the dust because of Thee,
  Dust in my mouth--so let it be,
Dear Lord, but art Thou haply drunk?

The Sufi will petition God for the means of serving Him every moment, and yet of finding his sustenance without the need of begging favours from the ungodly Omar puts this point well and eloquently, but the sting, as usual, is in the tail of the poem

Open for me a door, O Lord,
  Whence I may win my daily bread,
  Nor scrape for favours to be fed
With remnants from the miser's board

Preserve me, Lord, that I may so
  Be flown with wine my whole life through
  That if my head, as it may do,
Thereafter ache, I shall not know

With these few examples I return to the question, whether FitzGerald in fact succeeded in capturing the spirit of his original, and "grasped with a sure psychological and esthetical instinct the true kernel of the 'Umarian poetry" Upon this point some will always be eager to fly to his defence, and indeed there is no denying that he was "fully justified of his art, by the Persian perfume he redistilled into English verse" It is very far from my intention—and it would be gross impertinence, and would betray a singular perversity of taste to make the attempt—to belittle the greatness of a Victorian genius All I ask leave to suggest is that he did not convey, and perhaps did not apprehend, the whole of Omar's philosophy, that his *Rubáiyát* seen against the background of the Romantic Revival and mid-Victorian priggishness, did not mean, and does not mean, to his readers all that Omar meant to those who heard him, and that it is not after all a sacrilege, though it may well be pretentious, to wish to make another attempt at conveying Omar's whole message with greater accuracy and fidelity.

Now it is time to pick up a few loose threads, before casting off these casual observations and offering Omar in new dress to the appraisal of my readers I do not believe that Omar ever made any definitive collection of his poems, indeed I doubt whether he committed any of them to paper

He spoke them extemporaneously, as all composers of *rubáiyát* should do, they were remembered by those who heard him, and quoted by ever wider circles of admirers, and some, before they died, but probably after Omar's time, made little collections of those poems they happened to know Perhaps before the end of the twelfth century an editor made a *recensio recepta;* perhaps this was in the hands of the copyist of the Cambridge manuscript, perhaps stray quatrains, not in the *recensio recepta,* continued to circulate orally for several generations before being included in the *corpus* No doubt the *corpus* was swollen in succeeding centuries by false attribution, but the new evidence of C and CB proves this inflation to have been far less massive than had come to be thought The Mongol Invasions certainly made men indisposed to look at life so light-heartedly as Omar had done, most Moslems felt an overwhelming sense of guilt, and were driven to believe in their bewilderment that God had sent those terrible disasters as a punishment for doubting His omnipotence, and as long as the calamities continued to make life little bearable, comfort was found in the mysticism of Rūmī and the sententious wisdom of Sa'dī rather than in the gay cynicism of Omar But Persia eventually recovered some part at least of her former material prosperity, and though philosophy never came to life again after Ghazālī's death-blow, a modest hedonism and the invincible humour of the Persian genius combined to revive to some extent the cult of Omar's poetry Yet he never fully recaptured the fame which he enjoyed during his lifetime, until FitzGerald's exquisite *Rubáiyát* was published, and Swinburne and Meredith and Rossetti brought the masterpiece tardily to the notice of a hitherto indifferent public That accident of fortune conferred on Omar a posthumous celebrity such as he certainly never dreamed to attain

These little poems were spoken by a professor of mathematics eight centuries ago, as I fancy in circumstances very like

those in which another scholar-poet composed his equally few and equally brilliant academic exercises in sophisticated cynicism It is always rash to look for parallels in literature, and it is fatally easy to exaggerate chance coincidences in these matters, but the modern instance of A E Housman is surely too good to be neglected by any wishing to get at the heart of Omar's poetry Both men, as it seems, were severe teachers, having had the privilege of attending Housman's lectures, I can certainly testify to their studied austerity and his entire indifference to undergraduate popularity, and having read Omar with close attention, and seen what his biographers say of him, I suppose that in the lecture-room he was very like Housman. Both men (of the Cambridge scholar I have heard much from colleagues) could be extremely good company, brilliant in conversation and spontaneous wit When I think of the story of Housman's speech after a banquet in Trinity, how he remarked that "Wordsworth never rose from the table except sober, nor Porson save drunk", and then went on to describe himself as "a better Latinist than Wordsworth, and a better poet than Porson, betwixt and between", I am irresistibly reminded of Omar's self-portrait and his recipe for the good life

While I am sober, joyous glee
  Is hid from sight, and not to find
  When I am drunken, in my mind
I mark a great deficiency

There is a state betwixt the twain,
  Not yet besotted by the wine
  Nor sober, ah, that it were mine,
For there's true life alone to gain

But there is much more than this in the comparison, and those interested to pursue the analogy further are commended to look for the common felicity of language, the common

affectation of rusticity, the common reaction against an entrenched orthodoxy, the common sense of instability in personal affairs, the common enjoyment of a tolerant despair, though one would add that Housman is the more sentimental, and Omar the more astringent of the two professor-poets

Now it is only left for me to say a few words in justification of the style and prosodic form in which this new translation has been attempted From the few examples of FitzGerald's paraphrase quoted and analysed it will have been observed that he reproduced in his quatrains by no means the whole contents of the original poems, and often limits himself to rendering only a half—one Persian line—of Omar's *rubái* This was indeed almost inevitable, for not only is the English *rubái* twelve syllables shorter in all than the Persian, but the extreme terseness of the model, with its rich abundance of overtone and allusion, renders it quite beyond adequate reproduction in as few words or fewer in another language I have always felt that, as the Persian *rubái* consists of two distinct elements, blended together in a single epigram, the most hopeful way of conveying its spirit and meaning in English is to put it into two stanzas, similarly thought of as forming an epigram, but allowing for more generous treatment than the FitzGerald quatrain On the metrical side, the classic pentameter, with all its associations in the history of English poetry, seems to be rather too heavy to do justice to the natural lightness and informality of the Persian rhythm In dealing with Omar's poetry, which is so full of parody and humour, the metrical scheme which Tennyson used in his gravely philosophical *In Memoriam* seemed theoretically to promise well, and in fact these versions which follow, such as they are, came out extremely naturally, and seemed to their author to approximate reasonably closely to the pattern at which he was aiming Whether they will so appear to his unpartisan critic is, of course, an entirely different question

OMAR KHAYYÁM

Translated from the Cambridge Manuscript

1

All they who threaded meaning's gem
  Upon the cord philosophy
  Spake much upon the Deity;
But little knowledge was in them

Unravelling those secrets' skein,
  None ever found its origin,
  But having each his tale to spin
Each fell at last asleep again

2

And these, the choicest and the best
  Of lowly Earth's ingenious breed,
  Mounted on speculation's steed
Still strive to scale Heav'n's highest crest

But Thou, sublime upon Thy throne,
  Beholdest with indifferent eyes
  Their reasons, reeling like Thy skies,
Defeated by the great Unknown

3

Those who in ancient ages came
  And these that live in later days
  Depart on their successive ways
For all the journey is the same

This kingdom of the Earth and Sky
  Remains eternally for none.
  We too must go, as they have gone,
And others follow by-and-by.

4

If unto us no rose be given,
We are content to gather briar;
Sufficient for our needs the Fire,
If we must lose the light of Heaven.

Be dervish cloak and cloistered cell
And Moslem lore to us denied,
We shall be richly satisfied
With girdle, church and Christian bell.

5

Thou, Lord, didst mingle of Thy skill
The dust and water of my clay;
Thy fingers spun, for my array,
Wool or fine linen, at Thy will.

Since Thou hast written long ago
Whatever good I may have sought,
Whatever ill through me is wrought,
What, Lord, remains for me to do?

6

He Who hath given to the fair
The laughing lips of merriment
Bestows, as pleases His intent,
The sighs of anguish and despair.

Then let none frown, if this brief hour
My portion happiness should be:
I will be happy, for that He
Made griefs a thousandfold my dower.

7

Ah, that at Fortune's fickle lust
  We waste and wither to no goal,
  That in the wide inverted bowl
Of Heaven we are ground to dust

Woe and alas, that as the eye
  This instant flickers in its lid
  We, who were pleased in naught we did,
Unwilling born, unwilling die.

8

Though never face more radiant were,
  No tresses lovelier than mine,
  My cheeks the tulip's glow outshine,
My stature slender as the fir

'Tis still unclear, for what sublime
  And purposed end so cunningly
  The Artist of Eternity
Arrayed me in the bower of Time.

9

And if the saki knows aright
  My Genus, and its Property,
  And of each Species instantly
A hundred Cases can recite

He shall continue at his will
  His Custom, when I can no more,
  And with each glass that he shall pour
Enlarge my Definition still

10

None shall diminish by one whit
  The portion wherewith thou art fed,
  And none augment thy daily bread,
Since God Himself determined it.

So it behoveth not to be
  A slave to that which is thy Lot
  Nor, for the other that is not,
To lose thy soul's tranquillity.

11

O saki, if my heart should chance
  To slip this while from my control,
  Yet like an ocean is my soul
That swells within its own expanse

Not so the Sufi lack of wit
  His narrow vessel doth o'erbrim,
  And when one draught is given him
His head is quite submerged by it

12

Alas, that at the last must close
  The tender tale of boyhood's day,
  And life's delightful fragile May
Lie buried in December's snows

I cannot tell, alas, in truth
  How ever dwelt among us men,
  How ever fluttered from our ken
That sweet, elusive songbird, Youth.

13

Could I but lay my hands upon
  The Tablet of our Destiny
  I would rewrite, harmoniously
To my desire, the tale thereon

Yea, I would utterly erase
  All sorrow from the world entire,
  And lift my head to Heav'n and higher
In paeans of triumphant praise

14

Behold, how Heaven's wheeling sphere
  Directs to ill its baleful Powers
  Of all the friends who once were ours
Not one remains, to give us cheer

Wherefore, so far as in thee lies,
  Live for thyself, look not in vain
  For yesterday, nor seek to gain
To-morrow, make to-day thy prize

15

As ever Spring returns anew,
  As ever Winter flees away,
  So leaf by leaf, and day by day
Our book of life is counted through

Drink wine imbibe not bitter grief
  For poison are the world's dull cares,
  And wine, as our wise leech declares,
Their antidote and sure relief

16

And as the instants, one by one,
Of thy brief history go by,
Let not this moment, ere we die,
Except in happiness be gone

Thy life is the scant capital
That in this world alone thou hast,
And as thy sum of days is passed
So passes life, beyond recall.

17

Consider, how yon potters lay
Rough hands upon the fragile earth,
If they had sense and reason, worth
The craft wherewith they shape their clay,

Never would they so punch and pound
And kick the stuff that is their skill,
Their fathers' dust, deserving still
Their love and reverence profound

18

"It is not lawful", purists say,
"In Shaaban to be drinking wine,
And Rajab is a month divine—
No toping then!" So argue they

God and His Prophet, I agree,
Rajab and Shaaban rightly own
I drink in Ramadán alone,
And dedicate that month to me

19

What hath befallen Heaven's wheel
  That ever on the base bestows
  Great mills of gain, cool porticoes,
Warm pools their weariness to heal?

The noble, thanks to those same skies,
  Must pledge their all, to get them bread
  Before they mount their narrow bed
Such justice justly I despise

20

Surrender not thy flesh to woe
  For the injustice of Man's fate,
  Nor yield thy soul inconsolate
To grieve for friends lost long ago

Give not the precious heart of thine
  Save to the loved one's locks, to bind
  Scatter not life upon the wind,
Nor live one moment without wine

21

Of those to-day that living are
  Better it is few friends to make,
  Right good it were for thee to take
Their company—from very far!

That selfsame friend on whom, below,
  Thou dost most faithfully reply
  If thou wilt open reason's eye
Is proved thy direst, deadliest foe

22

Thou who art wholly unaware
  How the world's order is designed,
  Since thy foundations are the Wind
Thy structure is no more than Air.

Thy being is a boundary
  That runs betwixt twain nothingness
  About thee all is substanceless,
Thyself, therein, Nonentity

23

Ah, that life's precious capital
  Was spilled so soon and drained away,
  That Destiny in ambush lay
For many hearts, to slay them all

And, for the world that after waits,
  No man has ever come from there
  To bring us tidings, how they fare
Whose journey lies beyond its gates

24

The swollen head of human pride
  May swiftly be reduced with wine,
  And by this recipe divine
The firmest knot is soon untied

Had Satan taken, strong and neat,
  One draught of wine, as I do now,
  He would have laid his stubborn brow
Adoringly at Adam's feet

25

Thy beauty, saki, puts to shame
  The goblet that was Jamshid's pride·
  Not endless days, but to have died
For thee, confers the truest fame.

Each particle of the dear earth
  Beneath thy tread that humbly lies
  Brings greater brightness to my eyes
Than all the suns' celestial mirth.

26

I cannot see what Heaven won
  Of profit bringing me to birth,
  Or gained, by laying me in Earth,
Of glory and dominion.

Nor is it patent to my sense,
  Nor have I heard from any man,
  Pursuant to what mighty plan
Fate brought me here, and bore me hence

27

I never sipped, as I recall,
  The limpid wine of glad relief,
  Without the hand of sullen grief
Poured me its cup of bitter gall!

I never dipped in joy my bread
  Into the salt of any friend,
  But that as surely in the end
My heart in sorrow broke and bled.

28

The brick that crowns the winevat's head
Is fairer far than Jamshid's throne:
Wine, in a crystal goblet shown,
Outglories Mary's wondrous bread

The sigh of grief that at the morn
Breaks from the drunkard's quenchless throat
Excels the penitential note
Groaned by the saintliest ever born

29

As I was passing yesterday
Where potters ply their skilful trade,
I watched amazed, as each displayed
His cunning with the pliant clay.

And I beheld, as scarce I trust
They see who lack the gift of sight,
Those bowls they shaped for our delight
Were moulded from our fathers' dust.

30

If I am drunk and dissolute,
If Magian wine is my whole joy
Poured by my darling Magian boy,
So be it, these my temper suit.

Let other men, if so they please,
Pursue strange fancies in their mind
I know the limits fate assigned
For me, and am content with these.

31

How long the knitted brow, my friend,
  And why so troubled and so glum?
  No traveller has ever come
By scowling to his journey's end

Since my affair and thy affair
  Is scarce controlled by thee and me,
  Submit to Destiny's decree
That wisdom is, the wise declare

32

Now roses bloom, and it is just
  That all the meadow shouts with joy
  Rejoice this day, my pretty boy
Another week is gone to dust

Drink wine, and cull the blossoms fair
  While yet thou gazest, full of mirth,
  The roses turn again to earth,
The meadow withers and is bare

33

I am not one to brood with fear
  Upon the hour I shall depart
  That half of life delights my heart
Far more than this I suffer here

I know the soul within my dust
  Was given me by God on loan·
  I'll yield what I could never own
When comes the time that yield I must.

34

This ancient hostelry, which those
May call the World who have the knack,
A stable is, where the poor hack
Of dawn and sunset takes repose

Here Jamshid once high revel kept,
But now the feast is bare of him
Bahram here hunted at his whim,
And here at last forever slept

35

I cannot count what profits Doom
Our coming here, our being sped,
Nor tell the pattern that our thread
Of Being weaves upon life's loom

I only know the brazen Sky
Whose conflagration fires the air
Burns all things lovely, and the fair
Converts to dust, without one sigh

36

The secrets of Eternity
Are far beyond our finite ken
We cannot riddle what the Pen
Of Fate has scribed for you and me

In casual converse we engage
Behind the curtain of our day,
But when the curtain falls, the play
Is done, and desolate the stage

37

Look not for happiness from Fate,
For all life's yield is but a breath·
Each grain of dust records the death
Of some once lordly potentate

The world's affairs, as so they seem,
Nay, the whole universe complete
Is a delusion and a cheat,
A fantasy, an idle dream

38

Ah, would there were a little space
Where I might lay me down in peace,
That my far journeying should cease
At some sequestered resting-place

And, as a thousand ages pass,
There might be hope from the dark earth
In a new miracle of birth
To spring again, like summer's grass

39

If my dear darling leaned on me
And pressed her ruby lips to mine,
If my glass held, in lieu of wine,
The Fount of Immortality

Or were my music Venus' voice,
And Jesus' self my comrade glad,
Yet, if the heart in me was sad,
What reason were there to rejoice?

40

Swirling and spinning like a ball
  Before the polo-stick of Fate,
  Run right or left, yet run thou straight
And never speak a word at all:

Remembering that He Who throws
  Into the field of mortal play
  Thy ball and mine to spin to-day,
He knows the game, He knows, He knows!

41

The Book of Life before me lay
  Open, to take an augury,
  When on the instant, suddenly,
I heard a raptured mystic say.

"Happy is he who holds him near
  His darling, lovely as the moon,
  Upon a night that speeds not soon
But lingers slowly as a year"

42

Fear not the chances Time may bring
  That driveth all before its blast
  Whatever comes is swiftly past,
And naught abides unaltering

This brief cash-moment that is thine,
  Be glad in it, and frolicsome
  Fear not the moments yet to come,
And for those gone do not repine.

43

I fear we shall not after this
  Revert into the world anew,
  Nor with our loves, as now we do,
Consort in concord and in bliss.

Then for this moment, while we may,
  Let us be glad, and count it gain
  Perchance, in a long life of pain,
This joy shall not return our way

44

I bid thee drink no other wine
  But this, the everlasting fount.
  A fortune of delight, to count
In this brief hour the world is thine

Truly it burneth like the fire,
  But severeth sorrow instantly:
  A Spring of Immortality——
Come, drink it to thy heart's desire!

45

For, since it scarcely in us lies
  To know the certain and the true,
  We cannot sit our whole life through
Conjecturing upon surmise

Best is it, that we do not set
  Our precious cup of wine aside,
  But drink until beatified,
Not sober, nor inebriate.

46

It is stark folly, with despair
The heart's contentment to destroy,
To bruise and break the soul of joy
Against the rock of jagged care

What dark and dreadful mysteries
The future holdeth, none may guess·
But wine's to drink, and loveliness
To worship—there's a world of ease!

47

Take Earth and hurl it at the head
Of Heaven, and the world entire,
Drink wine, and stake thy heart's desire
On Beauty, ere thy flesh be dead

No pretext is there to complain,
And mean entreaty makes small sense,
Since out of all departed hence
None ever came this way again.

48

We are the far and lofty goal
For which creation was designed
Within the brain, that else were blind,
We are the vision's vital soul

The vast circumference we see,
And call the world, is like a ring.
Know then, beyond all cavilling,
The impress of its seal is—we!

49

If thou wilt drink, to banish gloom,
  Either with wise men take thy joy,
  Or with a happy, laughing boy
In whose soft cheeks the roses bloom

Yet drink not overmuch, nor be
  Forever toping, to disgrace
  Drink little, in due time and place,
And drink in decent secrecy

50

The loved one's brow against thy lip,
  Her beauty fresher than the rose—
  Still grasp the blossom while it glows,
Nor yield the wine-cup from thy grip

Make haste to take thy fill of mirth,
  Ere the cold blast of Fate arise
  And drive our life-wisp down the skies
Like roses' petals spilled to earth

51

Soft dew upon the rose's brow
  Glistens this happy morn of Spring,
  And by the meadow wandering
My fair one walks beside me now

There is no loveliness to say
  Upon the winter that is past
  Let us be jubilant at last,
And whisper of the glad to-day

52

Ah, but my bones are sick and sore,
My heart is tortured with unease;
Some foeman plots my soul to seize,
Decreeing I may drink no more.

And stranger is this case of mine,
That in the anguish I endure
My sickness cannot find a cure
Except I drink forever wine.

53

A hundred dwellings by the surge
Of my sad heart are drowned in gore,
And there is fear ten thousand more
My bitter weeping may submerge

My every lash is a lock-gate
That lets its separate runnel through,
And if I strike my lashes to
The flood will burst, and inundate

54

Since God desired not in His might
What in my weakness I designed,
I do not think that I shall find
What I have willed to be the right.

If rectitude doth all belong
To what He only wished to be,
What I desired, as now I see,
Could scarce be otherwise than wrong.

55

They who encompassed all high wit
  And of fine words the mastery bore,
  Who in discovery of deep lore
A lantern for their fellows lit.

Those never won to find a way
  Out of the darkness of our night:
  They had their legend to recite,
And then in endless slumber lay

56

He Who designed the Earth and Skies
  And shaped the Heavens in His hand,
  Hath laid full many a burning brand
On my poor heart, to cauterize

And ah, the lips once ruby-red,
  The brows resplendent as the moon
  He laid beneath the dust too soon
For Earth to treasure, cold and dead.

57

To-day that Fate has given thee
  Proves not to-morrow to be had,
  And they are melancholy mad
Who fret for what the morn may be.

Waste not the moment that thou hast,
  If madness be not in thy heart.
  For when this moment shall depart
It is not clear, what life shall last.

58

It was a little drop of rain
  That trickled down into the sea,
  A mote of dust borne fitfully
In air, to sink to earth again.

What other was thy coming here,
  What else was thy departing hence?
  A fly, that gave brief evidence
And did as fleeting disappear

59

Though all too many sins be mine,
  Though foul and wretched is my soul,
  I do not share their fearful dole
Who worship idols in the shrine.

At sunrise, when my body dies
  In a last drunken revelry,
  Wine and my love my care shall be,
Not threatened Hell, or Paradise.

60

Come, let us not consume with care
  For what to-morrow may portend,
  But let us count for gain, my friend,
The ready moment that we share

For in the morn, when we are sped
  From Earth's most ancient hostelry,
  We join the immortal company
Of those ten thousand ages dead.

61

Who comprehendeth in his brain
   All secrets of the Earth and Skies
   Regardeth with indifferent eyes
Sorrow, and happiness, and pain

Since every evil, as is sure,
   And every good shall come to end,
   What matters, if the plague descend
Or if high Heaven grant the cure?

62

A drop of Water once we were
   In human loins deposited
   That, by the Fire of passion sped,
Came forth to breathe the outer Air

Since, when to-morrow's sun shall shine,
   The breeze will bear our Dust away,
   Let us be happy, while we may,
These two brief moments with the wine

63

Now with a glass one measure high
   Grief I will slay, old foe of mine,
   And, having quaffed two pints of wine,
Count no man half as rich as I

First, in divorce thrice over cried,
   Reason and Faith I'll put away
   Then take, to crown my happy day,
The daughter of the grape for bride.

64

Alas, how wondrous suddenly
The Caravan of Life goes by:
'Tis well, this moment ere we die
To speed in happiness and glee.

Saki, why dreadest thou to-day
The resurrection's morn of fear?
Pass me the wine, while we are here
The night is slipping fast away.

65

God fill my head, till life be o'er,
With love of maids angelic fair
Here is my hand—God grant me there
The juice of grapes for evermore

"God give thee penitence!" they cry,
And disapproving heads they shake
What God shall give, if I not take
Far from His Presence let me die!

66

The sun has cast the noose of morn
Athwart the roof-top of the world,
The emperor of day has hurled
His bead, our goblet to adorn

Drink wine for at the first dawn's rays
The proclamation of desire
Rang through the universe entire,
And bade men drink through all the days

67

Grave cadi of the learned brow,
  We idlers far outlabour thee;
  And, spite our drunken revelry,
We are still soberer than thou

We drink the liquor grapes have bled,
  But thou the blood of fellow-men
  Justly declare—which of us, then,
The greater share of blood has shed?

68

How long, O Lord, must I endure
  Life's mean deceits and trickeries?
  How long must I consume the lees,
And never taste the liquor pure?

I would Life's saki, with his hand
  Still dripping with foul treachery,
  Might pass my bowl of life to me,
To pour its dregs into the sand.

69

My darling, for the love of whom
  My thwarted heart is so much pained
  Another's charms have now enchained,
And made the prisoner of gloom.

Then whither shall I seek for ease,
  How treat, what I must now endure,
  Since he, who should have been my cure,
Is victim to the same disease?

70

One draught of wine is greater worth
  Than Káús' Realm, Kobád's high throne;
  Tús' broad dominions do not own
An equal treasure, nor wide Earth

And the deep sigh upon the dawn
  Heaved from the hopeless lover's breast
  Is truer music than the best
From false ascetics' bosoms drawn

71

Think not a longer life is thine
  Than sixty summers from thy birth·
  Set never foot upon the earth
Except thy head be full of wine

Ere thy head's bowl is broken up
  To make the pitcher others lack,
  Take not the pitcher from thy back
Nor from thy fingers yield the cup

72

This little while, till Fate shall smite
  And life's last fever burn the brow,
  Come, let us drink, to-day and now,
This wine of our supreme delight.

For when the heavens do their worst,
  In the dread hour when we must leave,
  No quarter will the heavens give
Nor even water for our thirst

73

Much have I wandered o'er the face
Of earth, by mountain and by plain,
And all my wandering was in vain
The world is not a better place

Though pain has plagued my every day,
I am contented, truth to tell,
For if my life passed never well,
At least it passed right well away

74

Thou passest all thy life away
On worldly interest intent,
Not heeding the predicament
Of that tremendous Final Day.

Come to thyself at last, my friend,
Look all around, consider well
What others in their day befell,
And how Time served them in the end

75

He who has written in his heart
One line, as Reason might dictate,
No single moment of his fate
Unprofitably lets depart.

Either he labours all his days
Seeking his God alone to please,
Or he will choose his body's ease
And to his lips the beaker raise

76

Clean from Nonentity we came
  And all unclean we did depart;
  Entered with gladness in our heart
And left in sorrow and in shame.

The Water weeping from our eyes
  Betrayed the Fire within our breast,
  Our life's to Air, and for the rest
In the dark Earth our body lies.

77

Love is the sun, that shines above
  In spheres of immortality
  Bird of fair fortune, in the tree
Of gladness singing—that is Love

It is not Love, to weep for dole
  Unceasing, like the nightingale
  Love is to bleed and not bewail,
To die, and not demean the soul

78

The day it is not given me
  To slake with purest wine my throat,
  Although the surest antidote
Is mine to take, 'twill poison be.

Poisonous is the world's despair,
  And its sole antidote is wine,
  So, while the ruby cup is mine,
For poisons I have not a care

79

None in this world may stretch his hand
  To cull the rose-cheeks of the fair,
  But that the briar of despair
Sticks in his heart its stinging brand.

Regard the comb, that may not hold
  Within its grasp the darling's tress,
  Except in utter ruthlessness
It has been cleft a hundredfold

80

I do not know, and cannot tell
  If He, Who mixed me in a trice,
  Determined me for Paradise
Or damned my soul to horrid Hell

Yet give me wine, my idol-love,
  And music, where the poppies blow
  I'll gladly spend my cash below—
Take thou thy credit-heav'n above!

81

"No more", I cried in pious mood.
  "Will I consume the rose-red wine
  It is the life-blood of the vine,
And I will drink no longer blood"

Thereat spake Reason, elder mine
  "Say'st thou in earnest?" And quoth I
  "Nay, but in error, 'twas a lie,
How should I not be drinking wine?"

82

O let me with good wine be fed—
My dear companions, do not fail!—
Until my cheeks, now amber-pale,
Be changed to rubies, rich and red

And when I die, as die I must,
Wash my cold body all with wine,
Carve me the timber of the vine
For coffin, to preserve my dust

83

So long as these are given me—
A lovely maid beside a stream,
Red roses, and the rich wine's gleam—
So long my heart shall dance with glee

Since I was born, now life is mine,
And till the day that I shall die,
I shall be drinking, even as I
Have ever drunk, and do drink, wine!

84

Now the lascivious breeze of morn
Has rent the raiment of the rose,
Her beauty, warmly as it glows,
Delights the nightingale forlorn

Sit in these shades, and take thy mirth,
For all too often, as I fear,
The rose shall spill her beauty here
On the cold clay, when we are earth.

85

Khayyám, he earns the high disdain
  And merited contempt of doom
  Who impotently sits in gloom
Beneath Time's avalanche of pain

Then fill the crystal beaker up
  And drink to the lamenting lute,
  Before the day its voice is mute,
And shattered on the rock thy cup

86

When ye are met in harmony,
  Beloved friends, in after days,
  And on each other's beauty gaze,
And are rejoiced by what ye see,

And when the saki, standing there,
  Takes in his hand the Magian wine,
  Think on the anguish that is mine
And O, recall me in a prayer.

87

Better at tavern, and with wine,
  To lay Thee all my secrets bare,
  Than to intone the parrot prayer
And Thou not with me, in the shrine.

Thy Name is last and first to tell,
  Whatever is, save Thee, is nil,
  Then cherish me, if so Thy Will
Be done—or burn my soul in Hell!

88

Lo, Thou hast shattered my adored
  And precious cup, and spilled my wine;
  Against my face the gate divine
Of gladness Thou hast barred, O Lord

Yea, all my rose-red wine is sunk
  Into the dust, because of Thee;
  Dust in my mouth—so let it be,
Dear Lord, but art Thou haply drunk?

89

The Potter whose eternal Will
  Fashioned that pot, the human head,
  In shaping pots, when all is said,
Exhibited amazing skill

On Being's table, upside-down,
  He set the pot that was His pride,
  And promptly filled it with a tide
Of melancholy to the crown.

90

With Thy forgiveness to sustain,
  My load of sin I do not fear,
  Nor dread, with Thy provision near,
The far road's weariness and pain

And if Thy mercy raises me
  Washed white and clean on the Last Day,
  I shall not shrink to walk that way
However black my record be

91

Heav'n never lifts in wondrous birth
From the dark dust a rose aflame
But after, shattering the same,
Commits it all again to earth

And if the clouds could draw above
Like vapour this our precious clay,
Unto the Resurrection Day
Would rain the blood of those we love

92

The very mountains, could they slake
Their thirst in wine, would dance for glee
Exceptionally mad they be
That to the wine exception take

Here is a pledge I gladly give.
I'll ne'er repent of drinking wine,
For 'tis a thing that doth refine
A man, and make him fit to live

93

Lift high the goblet, O my fair,
My heart's beloved! Bring forth the bowl,
And through the meadow we will stroll,
And by the river murmuring there.

How many beauties cypress-tall,
Moon-lovely, Heav'n hath brought to clay,
And made them bowls another day,
And turned them goblets, one and all.

94

Last night I shattered (woe is me!)
My earthen bowl against a stone.
It was my drunken rage alone
Drove me to such indecency

I heard the stricken pitcher cry,
As clear as if it had a tongue
"I was like thee, when I was young,
One day thou shalt be even as I"

95

O Thou Sublime o'er human sense,
Whose Essence reason far excels,
Untroubled when Thy slave rebels,
Not needing my obedience

All drunken with my sins am I,
Yet having hope to sober me
That Thou, of Thy great clemency,
Wilt grant me mercy, when I die

96

Yon brave inhabitants who lie
All turned to dust and in the tomb
Fulfil their dark and dusty doom·
Their scattered motes asunder fly.

What was the potion they partook
That, till the Day of Reckoning,
Lost to themselves and everything,
All loves, all labours they forsook!

97

At the Mind's banquet of delight
  A splendid proof old Reason speaks;
  Among the Persians and the Greeks
He argues left, and argues right

"If any fool has e'er expressed
  The view that wine is little good,
  How can I heed his turpitude,
Since God Himself says, wine is best?"

98

Now, in the hour that doth remain
  Before all chance is at an end,
  Lift from the heart of thy dear friend
His lover's load of grief and pain

For Beauty's kingdom, Beauty's throne
  Abide not everlastingly,
  And though these now belong to thee,
Be sure that soon they shall be flown

99

The dawn is in the sky, rise up,
  My simple, silly, pretty boy,
  And with the ruby wine of joy
Incarnadine the crystal cup

The borrowed moment that we share
  In this dark corner of decay,
  Once sped, pursue it as we may
We shall not find it anywhere.

100

Wine is a ruby liquified,
Quarried within the hollow bowl;
The cup's a body, and its soul
The liquor's coruscating tide.

Yon gleaming glass of crystal clear
Now laughing with the crimson wine
Enshrines the life-blood of the vine,
And all its glitter is a tear.

101

Those who upon dissembling rest
Their edifice of piety
Affect much difference to see
Between the spirit and the breast.

Henceforth I'll strut before my home,
A wine-jug on my topmost lock,
And if they take me for a cock,
Why, they can make a saw my comb.

102

My dearest, for whose life I pray
It may be long as is my grief,
Made new beginning, past belief,
In kindliness this very day.

She paused one moment as she passed
Upon my wasted flesh to glance,
As if to murmur, "Take thy chance.
Do good, and on the waters cast!"

103

True, I drink wine, but merely sip,
  Not gulp, like some, to drunkenness,
  Nor reach out greedy hands, unless
To get the goblet in my grip.

If thou shouldst care to know my aim
  In paying worship to the wine,
  'Tis not to make my self my shrine,
As thou art doing, to thy shame

104

The saki's lip is tincture sweet
  Of rubies, grief's specific cure,
  His love, the spirit's pasture pure,
The heart's accoutrement complete

And whoso by that flood of gloom,
  Love's thwarted passion, is not slain,
  In Noah's Ark, his trivial gain,
Lies buried, living in the tomb

105

Last evening in the potter's store
  Two thousand heads I counted, each
  A pot, some gifted still with speech,
Some fallen silent evermore

And suddenly one pot, more bold,
  Lifted his voice upon the air
  "Where is the potter now, and where
Are they that bought, and they that sold?"

106

I have the crown of Khan for sale,
  Kay's diadem—come, who will buy?
  A turban-length of muslin I
Will barter for a reed-pipe's wail.

This girded footman of the train
  Of pious fraud, the rosary—
  Who wants a bargain, suddenly?
A glass of wine is all I'd gain

107

Last evening, drunken with good sack,
  I passed the tavern open wide,
  And there a bearded elder spied
Drunk, and a wine-jug on his back

"Why, art thou not ashamed", I said,
  "To let thy Maker see thee thus?"
  He answered, "God is generous—
Let's drink good wine, till we are dead"

108

The tender grape is newly wed,
  Shed not her honour utterly,
  When filthy penitents there be
Whose heart-blood may be rightly shed

Two thousand reprobates I know,
  Gluttons debauched, their bodies' blood
  May well be spilled into the mud,
Pray, do not spill the wine-cup so!

109

No man hath ever found the way
  Behind this veil of mystery,
  No mind unravelled utterly
The tangle of the world's array.

No other lodging-place know I
  Except the earth's heart, dark and cold
  These fables are not quickly told—
Drink, these brief moments ere we die!

110

Come, darling wine, to my embrace,
  My only love, fool that I be,
  And I will drink unceasingly,
And never fear for the disgrace

Come, help me to my drinking now,
  And I will drink, till all who spy
  My rounded paunch will gape, and cry,
"Ho, vat of wine, whence comest thou?"

111

The greatest infamy I know
  Is to be known for a good name,
  I can conceive no meaner shame
Than to be shocked by Fortune's blow

Better it is, entranced to be
  By the ripe fragrance of the grape,
  Than gaze upon oneself agape,
Puffed up with one's own piety

112

"Drink thou less deep than heretofore",
They are forever telling me;
And, "What excuse is there for thee
Forever on the cup to pore?"

Excuse? Why, the beloved's cheek,
The wine a-glitter in dawn's light—
Declare, if thou be just and right,
What clearer plea is there to seek?

113

Of worldly goods to drink withal,
And clothe thy naked modesty—
It shall be surely pardoned thee
To seek for these, if these be all

Be wise in time—for nothing worth
Is all the rest that may remain—
And barter not for so small gain
The precious days thou hast on earth

114

Of all that is not, and that is,
I know the seen and manifest,
The inward heart of every crest
I know, and all declivities.

Yet, spite the learning I possess,
Let me be shamed by what I know
If I descry, the way I go,
A further reach than drunkenness.

115

Riddle me this; a bowl I know
  Which Reason doth high praise allow,
  And in affection on its brow
A hundred kisses doth bestow

Yet Time, the fickle potter, who
  So skilfully designed a cup
  So fragile, loves to lift it up
And dash it to the earth anew

116

Now, in this hour ere night descend
  And griefs assail and slay the soul,
  Bid them bring forth the crimson bowl
And pour the wine, beloved friend.

Think not, my foolish, silly swain,
  Thou art as gold, that on a day
  Men should commit thee to cold clay
Thereafter to bring out again

117

Saki, the passion in my soul
  Bursts forth, and raises loud its voice;
  My drunkenness, as I rejoice,
Surpasses all my will's control.

Although my hairs are hoary white,
  Yet I am glad, that thy soft down
  Has smoothed my old brow's weary frown
And waked my heart to Spring's delight.

118

The Heavens are a girdle bound
About my shrunk and weary thighs;
A trickle from my tear-stained eyes
Great Oxus, surging o'er the ground

Hell is a spark that upward spires
Out of my unavailing sigh,
And Paradise, a moment I
Am easy with my heart's desires

119

The wine and the beloved for me!
Take you your convent and your church,
If after Paradise ye search
If I'm for Hell, so let it be

Declare, what shortcoming ye see
Me guilty of, since long ago
The Eternal Artist drew me so
Upon the Slate of Destiny

120

Of all departed on the road
That leads beyond this vale of pain,
What traveller e'er came again
With tidings of that far abode?

I charge thee, therefore, in the day
That on this highroad thou dost run
Where lovers plead, leave naught undone,
For thou shalt not return this way.

121

While there are bones and blood in thee,
While veins are knit, and sinews tied,
Seek not to set thy foot outside
The narrow house of Destiny

Disdain thy stubborn neck to bend,
Be Persian Rustam thy dread foe,
Nor meanly crave for favours, though
Arabian Hátim be thy friend

122

If in the season of the Spring
A maid of loveliness divine
Pours me a cup of ruby wine,
Beside the meadow whispering

Though this be blasphemy to say,
Yet I declare the meanest cur
Of nobler worth, if I prefer
To think on Paradise that day

123

Knowing the mercy of thy God,
And thy Creator's clemency,
However great thy sins may be
Despair not, neither fear His rod.

Though thou be dissolute, and though
Thou slumberest drunkenly to-day,
To-morrow on thy crumbling clay
Abundant mercy He will show

124

Better is holy abstinence
  From whatsoever is not wine
  Poured by soft hands of beauties fine
Stretched drunkenly in shady tents

Of all delights by man possessed
  From Moon to legendary Fish,
  The drunkard's draught is all I wish:
Wine, and the rolling road, are best.

125

O every grass so sweet and green
  That springs beside the purling stream
  Is the soft down, as it doth seem,
Of buried beauty, once serene.

Tread not with so indifferent care
  Upon the meadow, for alas!
  Where now thy foot is pressed on grass
Lie rosy cheeks of maidens fair.

126

While I am sober, joyous glee
  Is hid from sight, and not to find,
  When I am drunken, in my mind
I mark a great deficiency.

There is a state betwixt the twain,
  Not yet besotted by the wine
  Nor sober ah, that it were mine,
For there's true life alone to gain.

127

I pressed my lip against the bowl
In an extremity of greed,
Seeking to snatch my ardent need,
Long life for my too fleeting soul.

Soft spake the bowl and secretly,
As lip against my lip it lay
"I too was once as thou to-day,
This little moment, bear with me!"

128

Happy the man who grasps his need,
The ruby wine, the loved one's tress,
And sprawls, to crown his happiness,
On the soft margin of the mead

There he may drink, as takes his whim,
Not thinking on the wheeling skies,
Till so much wine within him lies
That joy entire inhabits him

129

The Heavens since creation's day
No increase, but of sorrow, gave,
Sent down no single spirit, save
They snatched another soul away.

If those that are not come to birth
As yet could know what manner we
Are buffeted by Destiny,
They surely would not come to Earth.

130

Happy is he with luck to live
Unfettered in these slavish days,
Content to take, with grateful praise,
What gift soever God may give

He counts his blessings one by one
And gladly grasps the moment's bliss,
Free, with an artless lass to kiss,
And wine to drink, ere life is done

131

How long of my too little sense
Shall I make impotent parade?
Weary and sick my heart is made
By my sublime incompetence

Henceforth I'll wind about my waist
The girdle unbelievers wear,
Shamed by the sins I cannot bear
And by my Moslemhood disgraced

132

How can I bear my wings to spread
About another flame to fly,
Or, with thy love to finish by,
Begin with a new love instead?

The tears that from my lashes race
Suffer me not in any wise,
However brief, to lift mine eyes
And fix them on another's face

133

Yon whirling sphere of Heav'n above,
  Upon destruction darkly bent,
  To double murder is intent
Thy precious soul and mine, my love

Then sit beside me in the mead,
  And drink sweet wine in easy bliss,
  The Earth shall spring anew like this
In richer verdure, where we bleed

134

Knowest thou, by what way it came
  And how, that if the tongues of men
  Talk upon freedom, cedars then,
And lilies, have the chiefest fame?

'Tis that the one, though stuck about
  With tenfold tongues, sits silently,
  While t' other, though its tally be
Two hundred tongues, thrusts not one out

135

The several particles discrete
  That in the crystal cup unite,
  No drunkard's hand would deem it right
To take and shatter it complete.

Whose was the tender love that made
  Those lovely hands, so soft and white,
  Those beauteous faces? By whose spite
Were they in utter ruin laid?

136

What care if life be sharp or sweet,
Since it is passing by for sure;
Or if in Balkh or Nishapúr
Our shallow measure is complete?

Drink wine, my friend, for many a moon
When our short span is shuffled through
Shall turn from sickle unto new,
From new to sickle, all too soon.

137

Tell me, where is the trusty friend
To whom I may the mystery
Of Man declare, how started he,
And what has ever been his end?

By sore affliction stricken, blent
Of sorrow's clay, awhile he passed
About the world, but at the last
Lifted his weary foot, and went

138

'Tis time to quaff the morning cup
My lucky-footed lad, arise!
Play music to the rosy skies
And bring the bowl, and fill it up

A hundred thousand such as those
Famed tyrants who have swayed the earth
In burning June were brought to birth,
And buried by December's snows

139

Those venturers who took not rest
  But wore the world out with their feet,
  And measured Earth and Heav'n complete
Still urgent on their boundless quest:

I do not know, when all was done
  And their far labours left behind,
  If they more clearly had in mind
God's Truth, than when they first begun

140

How long the incense and the cross,
  The mosque-lamp and the minaret?
  How long the balance-striking yet
Of Heav'n for profit, Hell for loss?

See, how upon the Slate of Doom
  Our Master, from eternity,
  Inscribed the sum of all to be
And for revision left no room

141

Of that brave liquor flaming red
  Wherein new life is to be found
  Fill high the bowl, and pass it round,
Whatever pain be in thy head

Come, in my fingers let it lie
  The world's affairs are all a tale,
  And life—O hasten, do not fail!—
Is every moment passing by

142

The revolution of the years
  Wherein we came, and shall be gone,
  No known beginning rests upon,
Nor any end thereof appears

And I have heard no man declare
  The truth behind this mystery
  From whence our coming-in may be,
And our departing unto where

143

Soft showers bathe, this bright New Year,
  The cheeks of the anemone
  Rise up, my friend, and seek for thee
The wine-bowl with intent sincere

For lo, the meadow where to-day
  We sport together blissfully
  To-morrow, though thou shalt not see,
Will spring the greener from thy clay

144

It is small sense to give thee pain,
  Or use thyself despitefully,
  The portion Fate assigned to thee
Toil will not turn to greater gain.

What in eternity was writ
  To be thy lot, to thee shall fall.
  Look not to add one jot at all,
Nor fear to lack a single whit.

145

If truly thou possessest, friend,
The key to every mystery,
Why sufferest thou thyself to be
So bowed by cares, and to no end?

Since all that chances upon earth
Can scarce be changed to thy desire,
Do not to larger luck aspire,
But thy brief moments live in mirth

146

Yon sphere, that slew so ruthlessly
King Mahmud and his favourite boy,
Robs many a thousand of all joy,
But tells to none the mystery.

Be drinking wine for unto none
Are giv'n the long years all men crave,
And none, once venturing to the grave,
Returns, to tell how he has done

147

Men say, that Heav'n is perfect bliss
With dark-eyed maids to sport all day,
The juice of grapes, I dare to say,
Is sweeter, and the cup to kiss

Leave credit-joys to such as are
Thereby bemused, and as it comes
Seize thy cash-happiness, for drums
Make fairest music played afar.

148

Be happy, for the anguish Time
  Still has in store is infinite;
  But in the skies this blessed night
The planets sing in perfect chime.

Too soon thy fragile flesh shall be
  Dust for the bricks that men will take
  To line the palaces they make
For their brief hour of revelry.

149

Since it falls not to me, within
  This world to dwell eternally,
  One moment without wine to be,
And the beloved, were grievous sin.

How long wilt thou discourse, brave wit,
  Upon Eternity and Time?
  What matters if the earth's wide clime
Be either's, once we're gone from it?

150

O Time, who dost thyself confess
  The wrongs by mortal men endured,
  The convent where thou art immured
Is dedicate to ruthlessness

Thy blessings on the base alone
  Are showered; men of nobler part
  Thou punishest, which proves thou art
A donkey, or a doting crone.

151

Against the flesh I ever strive
  In strenuous fight: what can I more?
  My evils deeds afflict me sore.
How shall I save my soul alive?

I know indeed that of Thy Grace
  Thou wilt forgive my worst, yet in
  The shame that Thou hast seen my sin
How dare I look upon Thy face?

152

I come to purchase ruby wine.
  New wine or aged, both are well
  Then for two barley-corns I'll sell
The world, if thou wouldst have it thine

Thou warnest, "Where wilt thou depart
  When drinking's done, and thou art dead?"
  Come, bring thy wine, and then be sped
Wherever best may please thy heart

153

Since every truth this world contains
  Is mere contingency, my heart,
  Why with vain sorrow dost thou smart
And plague thyself with useless pains?

To Fate surrender, with good grace,
  Accept resigned its less or more,
  Whate'er the Pen has writ thy score
No jot thereof shall it efface.

154

Ah, since I lost thy loving touch
  Grief grips my soul, and slays my heart;
  And still I yearn, where'er thou art,
If but thy raiment's hem to clutch.

A thousand hearts, when thou 'rt away,
  In quenchless flames of torment burn,
  A thousand souls, at thy return,
To be thy sacrifice do pray

155

The secret thou with God dost share
  Be sure to keep from mortal eyes,
  And deem the unworthy and unwise
Too frail, such mysteries to bear.

Consider well what thou shalt do
  With every creature God has made,
  Supposing all shall be repaid
By them to thee in measure true

156

Happy the heart a prisoner
  To grief, be His the hand that ties,
  Happy the head in dust that lies
If on that road His footsteps err.

By sorrow's arrows be not grieved
  When winged against thee by the Friend,
  Whatever gift He condescend
To give, be all with joy received.

157

Lovers, and all in disarray,
  Dishevelled, drunken and distraught
  Where the fair idols dwell, and naught
But wine to worship, this glad day—

With selfhood to oblivion hurled
  We stand emancipate, alone
  Attached to God's eternal Throne
As at the dawning of the world

158

My sum of days is slipping by
  Alas! in vanity complete,
  Unhallowed every crumb I eat,
Unholy every breath I sigh

How black my record not begun
  The good that I was charged to do,
  The ill I was forbidden to
Alack! most scrupulously done

159

If I have never sought to thread
  The pearl obedience on life's cord,
  If I have never swept, dear Lord,
The dust of sin from my hoar head

Yet I despair not to attain
  The threshold of Thy throne of grace,
  Since at no time, and in no place
I ever said that One was twain

160

There shall be Paradise, men say,
  With dark-eyed maidens of delight,
  Tart wine to taste through all the night,
And honey sweet to suck all day.

If then the wine and well-loved friend
  We worship, wherein lies the shame,
  Seeing that there awaits the same
When all life's tasks are at an end?

161

These simple things if they be mine—
  A loaf the purest heart of wheat,
  A thigh of lamb to be my meat,
For thirst a flagon of good wine

And if, to cheer my wilderness,
  A maid refusing not my kiss,
  That were a life of perfect bliss
No sceptred sultan can possess

162

When from my withered bones and thine
  The precious spirit shall be fled,
  The dust of fellows long since dead
Awhile our ashes shall confine.

But when the years have passed, why then
  They'll sweep along thy earth and mine
  And mould it into bricks, to line
Fair sepulchres for other men.

163

The pious say, all sinful men
  Who dare God's holy Laws defy,
  In whatsoever guise they die
Shall likewise be raised up again.

Wherefore we pass our lives away
  With the beloved, and the cup,
  That haply so we may spring up
When breaks the Resurrection Day

164

All desolation, wheel of Fate,
  Deriveth from thy senseless ire,
  Injustice is thy sole desire,
And humankind thy ancient hate.

And, O dark Earth, if thy deep breast
  Were cloven to the light of day,
  How many pearls of purest ray
Would glitter, to thy bosom pressed!

165

The drunkard and the dissolute,
  Men say, are destined unto Hell
  That is a foolish tale to tell,
And takes small logic to refute.

For if the drunken lover's band
  Are doomed to burn in hellish fire,
  To-morrow Paradise entire
Will show as empty as my hand

166

Yon cup, with such consummate skill
As potters shaped it from the clay,
Lies shattered now, and cast away
For men to trample as they will.

But O, be wary, do not tread
Contemptuously, friend, or hard·
The bowl that is this broken shard
Was fashioned of a lovely head.

167

And those that strive to-day and strain
At Reason's labour for their wage
Might just as usefully engage
In milking bulls, for all they gain

They would be better served to don
The wear of fools, the cap and bells,
The world we live in blithely sells
Sour herbs for Reason—going, gone!

168

Khayyâm, why all this tragic grief
Because of a small sin or two?
It yields small profit, so to do
Regrets are foolish, past belief

For think if sin were not, what room
For God's forgiveness would there be?
God has engaged to pardon thee
If thou shouldst sin then why such gloom?

169

It is the time of dawn: upspring,
  Sweet beauty delicately fine,
  And slowly, slowly sip the wine,
And sweep the lute's melodious string.

For all now sojourning on Earth
  Not long, not ever shall abide,
  And of the others, who have died,
Not one shall come again to birth

170

When I shall stand abashed and bowed
  And only hope remains to me,
  When the hard hand of Destiny
Has plucked me of my feathers proud

I charge you not to make my clay
  Except into a rounded bowl,
  Perchance I shall regain my soul
When the wine's fragrance wafts my way

171

I bid you, when I come to die,
  Bathe my cold body all in wine,
  And let the chant of grapes divine
Be the sad threnody ye sigh

If, on the day when all shall rise,
  Ye should desire to search for me,
  Be sure my dust, as you shall see,
Before the tavern's threshold lies

172

Again they bid me: "Drink not wine,
Else thou shalt suck calamity;
The flames of Hell, for final fee,
At the Last Judgment shall be thine."

That may be true yet greater worth
Than Earth and Heaven, as I count,
Is the brief moment at the fount
Of wine thou pullest, full of mirth

173

A stark and solemn truth I say,
Not as in parables to preach·
We are but counters, all and each,
That Heaven moveth at its play

We stir awhile, as if at will,
About the chessboard of the days,
Till in the box of death Time lays
Our pawns, to be for ever still

174

Upon the tower of Tús so high
I saw a bird, that brooded there
O'er Káús' skull, picked white and bare,
That grinning at its feet did lie.

And thus to that poor cranium
I heard it croon in sorry rhyme.
"Ah, where is now the bells' sweet chime,
The brave lamenting of the drum?"

175

If thou shouldst win into thy grasp
  A goodly bowl from niggard Fate,
  Drink wine, where good men congregate,
Drink ever, where the thirsty gasp.

For He, Who this world's palace reared
  In splendour, small attention owes
  To thy puffed-out mustachios
And my pathetic, blustering beard

176

Forever, cruel Destiny,
  With grief thou tearest at my heart,
  Forever thou dost rend apart
The fragile garment of my glee

The Air that fans my gentle lust
  Thou turnest to a raging Fire,
  And the cool Waters of desire
Convertest in my mouth to Dust

177

What is this wild regret in thee
  For wealth ungotten, worlds ungained?
  Hast thou marked any, that remained
Upon the earth eternally?

The very breath within thy bone
  Is counted out, and briefly lent,
  And life must be discreetly spent,
Since it is only thine on loan

178

One hand the Holy Book doth hold,
  One clasps the bowl of flaming wine·
  Now only lawful joys are mine,
Now with the lawless I make bold

Beneath the skies' uplifted span,
  The turquoise-marbled dome on high,
  Not utter infidel am I
And neither wholly Mussulman

179

There was a many night and day
  Ere ever thou and I were born,
  And still the spinning skies are sworn
To persevere upon their play.

O have a care, and gently tread
  On the dark dust beneath thy feet,
  There lie the glances shy and sweet
That charmed a lover long since dead

180

Now from the bowl, wherein I see
  No mischief lurks, but only joy,
  Drink deep the wine, my pretty boy,
And give another glass to me

Drink to the ending of the day,
  Ere Doom our cup of life shall break,
  And potters by the wayside make
New flagons of our crumbled clay.

181

Rise up, my heart, and let us sweep
With gentle hand the singing lute,
Confound fair fame and ill repute,
And drink sweet wine, and drink it deep.

For one good flask of vintage stock
The prayer-rug we will blithely sell,
Then dash all fame, and shame as fell,
A fragile glass, against the rock

182

My friend, suck not this world's dismay,
Forever grieving to no gain,
My friend, grieve not, I say again,
The world spins swiftly to decay

Since what is past is dead and gone,
And what's to come is still unclear,
Grieve not, but live in merry cheer
What was, and is not, think not on.

183

Be blithe, my love, for lo, the moon
Of festival will surely rise,
And a new day (if thou art wise)
Of gladness will be dawning soon

The sickle moon is pale and shrunk,
Bent double in sheer misery,
This sorrow too, as thou shalt see,
In pleasure's waves will soon be sunk

184

In loving Thee I feel no shame,
  Though men rebuke me and revile,
  Nor will dispute and quibble, while
I know, and they ignore, Love's claim.

Love is a potion true men take
  To cure their hearts of every ill,
  But cowards, having not the will,
Do best, this goblet to forsake.

185

The manner that I look upon
  This life's affairs, and analyse,
  The whole round world, as view my eyes,
Is vanity, and better gone.

Then to Almighty God be praise,
  For truly, wheresoe'er I turn,
  Naught but vexation I discern,
And disillusion all my days

186

Let us clap hands together now
  And dance in happy unison,
  And stamp with jollity upon
Old sorrow's lined and frosty pow.

Now, ere the dawn suffuse the sky,
  Come, let us drink the morning cup,
  For many a dawn shall tumble up
When we have not a breath to sigh.

187

If thou art famous in the town
  Men say thou schemest human ill,
  And if obscure thou sittest, still
Men say thou hast a threatening frown.

Be thou Elijah come again,
  Or Alexander's godly guide,
  Better is it unknown to abide
And to ignore all other men

188

I know not why the Hand whose joy
  Was to create in order due
  The temperaments, exact and true,
Is pleased to sap them and destroy.

If they were well, as was His aim,
  Why did He shatter them again?
  And if they were not well, why then
Since He designed them, who's to blame?

189

Since it is not within our power
  To vary this our mortal lot,
  To add, or take from it, one jot,
'Tis mad to sit in gloom and glower.

For this our life, and these our acts
  Come not into my hands and thine
  To mould them to our own design,
As children modelling with wax

190

Whatever good or ill there be
  Locked up within the human brain,
  Whatever joy, whatever pain,
Is doomed by Fate, or Destiny

Assign not these to the far skies,
  For, as the reason showeth clear,
  Weaklier than thou is Heaven's sphere
A thousandfold, and no more wise

191

Mark yon foundations of the skies
  How they hang wholly overthrown,
  And abject, in disorder strewn
Therein, the clever and the wise

Now note what wondrous friendship glows
  Betwixt the flagon and the glass
  Lip pressed to lip their life they pass,
And each to each the life-blood flows

192

Take it, my heart, all worldly ease
  And longed-for joy is thine to hold,
  Thy garden of delight untold,
Fringed round with meadows and green trees,

And take it, too, that one brief night
  Like dew thou sittest on the mead,
  But on the morrow, with all speed,
Shalt rise, and vanish out of sight

193

'Tis safest in the soul's domain
To walk with prudence, warily;
Upon the world's affairs to be
Least vocal is the surest gain

As long as eyes are in thy head,
As long as thou hast tongue and ear,
'Tis wisest, naught to see and hear,
To suffer nothing to be said

194

'Tis better to be drinking all
The day, and pretty maids to love,
Than to affect the fashion of
Ascetics hypocritical.

If every drunkard is to be
In Hell, irrevocably so,
Then who, of all that live below,
The face of Paradise shall see?

195

Now, while Youth's fleeting days are thine,
This is the wiser, better way
To laugh with Loveliness all day,
And to be quaffing crimson wine

This world is going down to death,
A wilderness, a howling waste,
Then seize the wine with urgent haste;
Be drunk, so long as thou hast breath

196

How long wilt thou be prisoner
  To every scent and every hue,
  And shalt thou evermore pursue
All things soever foul and fair?

Though thou the Well of Zemzem art,
  Or Life's own Fountain, in the end
  Thy flow must fail, and thou descend
To lie forever in Earth's heart.

197

A hundred faiths, a hundred hearts
  Than one fair bowl are not more worth,
  And China's empire and good earth
Less riches than red wine imparts.

And is there any bitter sweet
  But ruby wine on earth to see,
  For which a thousand lives would be
Scant credit in joy's balance-sheet?

198

Each morning, when the tulip's face
  Is sprinkled o'er with sparkling dew,
  And violets the meadow through
Hang down their heads in modest grace;

It doth the sweetest joy impart,
  As I count true, to see the rose,
  That passionate virgin, gather close
Her folds, to hide her throbbing heart.

199

Old Age, that all injustice wreaks,
  Experienced in human hurts,
  To quince-like pallor now converts
The faded cherries of my cheeks

Life's corner-stones, the roof and walls
  And gates of its proud edifice
  Crash down, my tenement of bliss
In utter desolation falls.

200

Call not to mind thy yesterday,
  The sun that is forever set,
  To-morrow has not come as yet—
Make not lament, ere it's away

Seek not joy's edifice to bind
  On what is past, or is to be,
  Take now thy utmost fill of glee,
And build not life upon the wind

201

Since first I saw the light of day
  I have not passed one sober hour.
  Though it be the dread Night of Power,
I dribble still my drunken way.

My lip to the bowl's lip I lay
  And lean my bosom on grief's breast,
  About the flagon's neck is pressed
My loving hand, until the day

202

If wine is no delight to thee,
Grudge not the drunkards their small joy,
Nor seek their pleasure to destroy
With carping talk and trickery

Thou takest an unholy pride
Because pure wine thou dost eschew,
A hundred vices to pursue
That drink is innocence beside.

203

Drink wine, to make thee unaware
Of all the griefs that vex the mind,
And bring thy foeman, who designed
Thy utmost ruin, to despair.

For what's the profit to attain
In being sober, my poor friend,
Save with grim thoughts upon the end
To win thy heart unmeasured pain?

204

Best of all friends I ever had,
Give heed to this my counsel wise
Think not on the unrooted skies,
Let not their swivelling make thee sad.

Best in contentment's quiet court
Choose thou thy corner, and there squat,
Regarding with amusement what
The heav'ns contrive in their poor sport.

205

O, I have wrapped the threadbare gown
Of abstinence about the cask,
The wineshop's dust is all I ask
To cleanse me, ere I kneel me down

For it may be that when I pray
So shriven, in the tavern's dust
I shall recover, as I trust,
The life I gambled there away

206

The secrets of the world, as we
Succinctly on our tablets write,
Are not expedient to recite
A plague to heart and head they be

Since there is none, as I can find,
Of those brave wizards of to-day
Worthy to hear, I cannot say
The wondrous thoughts I have in mind

207

Now I will suffer thee to share
The secrets hidden in my heart
Two words are ample to impart
The brief intelligence I bare

When I shall die, as die I must,
Thy love I'll carry to the clay,
To lift my head one happy day,
Thee still adoring, from the dust

208

Let greed be ever less in thee,
And more content possess thee still;
Break every bond of good and ill
Devised for thee by Destiny.

Take wine into thy hand, and tie
The loved one's tress about thy heart,
Too soon these brittle chains shall part
And in these days all joy shall die.

209

Though all the world be decked out fair
And offered to thy wondering eyes,
Go not about it, for the wise
And prudent do not wander there.

Many and many such as thou
Their exit and their entrance make;
Seize thou thy portion, ere death take
Thy whole, and seize it to thee now.

210

Since my affair and thy affair
Shall scarce proceed to our design,
What shall befall my toil and thine,
And whither waste our thoughtful care?

We sit forever sick at heart
And wondrous sorrowful within,
That all too late we entered in
And all too early must depart.

211

Thank God, a soft day. gentle now
The air, not torrid, neither chill·
The April showers sweetly swill
The dust from the pale rose's brow

The nightingale in a divine
Rapture makes golden melody
To serenade the rose, and me
"'Tis thy strict duty, to drink wine!"

212

Who is, that ever came to birth
And did not sin in all his days?
And if he sinned not, what strange ways
Found he to waste his life on earth?

I own the evil I am at,
And Thou requitest me with ill,
So tell me, if it be Thy will—
How differest Thou from me in that?

213

Lord, I am weary unto death
Of this mean being that is mine
The fetters that my heart confine,
My empty hands, my narrow breath

Yet Thou hast power to transmute
The naughted unto entity
O raise me to the sanctuary
Of Thine own Being Absolute

214

Thou, Lord, hast fashioned me like this,
  For Thou my sole Creator art:
  To yield to music all my heart,
And find in wine immortal bliss

Since at the birthday of the world
  Thou madest me upon this wise,
  How seems it justice in Thine eyes
To Hell Thy creature to have hurled?

215

Rise up, my heart, no more consume
  The sorrow of this fleeting earth,
  Surrender thee to instant mirth,
And let no moment pass in gloom.

For if Fate's temper had possessed
  Of faithfulness the scantest sum,
  The turn of life had never come
To thee, deserting those the rest

216

What great advantage is to gain
  Consuming grief unceasingly?
  Many a thousand such as we
Heaven has sown, to reap again.

Fill high the bowl, and charge my glass,
  And I will drink with the dear friend
  In haste, ere joy is at an end
And all things past that have to pass.

217

Thou, Lord, art generous, and 'tis right
  The generous should act generously,
  Why then exclude poor sinful me
From Iram's garden of delight?

It is no generous thing to do,
  To pardon me if I obey,
  But if Thou washest all away
When I rebel, that's bounty true

218

Since never turned the Wheel of Fate
  To suit the wishes of the wise,
  As thou desirest, count the skies
At seven, or to tot up eight

Since joy is small, and life is scant,
  And all desires in death must end,
  What care, if wolf in desert rend
Thy flesh, or gnaw, in grave, the ant?

219

Saki, my heart is more worn out
  Than all the crumbling and the dead,
  Who, lying in their earthy bed,
Have more repose than I without.

And though my tears of blood run down
  And wash my raiment all in pain,
  Mine eyes, that too long sorrows stain,
Are not so dabbled as my gown.

220

If thou wouldst find a base secure
  Whereon life's fabric may repose,
  A heart this little while from woes
Released, and plunged in pleasure pure:

Let not an idle moment slip
  And thou not busy with the wine,
  That instantly life's joy be thine
Sucked in and savoured on thy lip

221

Rank poison is the world's distress,
  And the sole antidote is wine,
  So, while the antidote is thine,
Thou needest dread the poison less

With shining lads in boyhood's bloom
  Drink wine, where shining roses glow,
  Now, ere thy days to ashes go
And roses blossom from thy tomb

222

Be not neglectful of thy dues,
  Respect religion's ritual,
  What bread thou hast, keep it not all
Nor to dire need a crust refuse.

Thy fellows' goods do not design
  To plunder, nor their blood to shed
  So thou 'lt to Heaven when thou art dead—
Now that is settled, bring me wine!

223

There is no night, but vexing fears
  Perplex my mind, by doubts oppressed,
  No night, but my distracted breast
Gleams with the necklace of my tears

And this is plain geometry:
  The head, that is an upturned cup,
  No flood of wine can fill right up
And drown its dregs of misery

224

Whatever Thou addressest me
  Is said in anger measureless
  The charges of unfaithfulness,
The taunts of infidelity.

All this Thou say'st, I freely own,
  Is true, and richly merited,
  Yet justice grants, when all is said,
The cap fits Thee, not me alone!

225

The spirit, that is wholly free
  Of all pollution with vile dust,
  Came down thy guest, in perfect trust,
From its far world of purity

Bestir then, as befits the host,
  And pour it wine, the dawn's delight,
  Ere it shall bid thee a good night
And go, and thou give up the ghost.

226

The clouds look down, this April shine,
  And weep anew upon the grass;
  O suffer not sweet life to pass
Without the crimson bloom of wine.

And this soft grass is ours to-day
  To view with happy, hasty mirth
  And who shall press in later birth
The grasses springing from our clay?

227

Why yieldest thou to dumpy care,
  My friend, for what must surely be,
  That fluttering, chill anxiety,
And soul-destroying, vain despair?

Live clear of head and light of heart,
  And let the world go by in glee,
  The plan was not devised by thee,
And went without thee from the start

228

If yonder Heaven had been mine,
  Not God's, to hold at my desire,
  I would have rooted up entire
And utterly its old design.

I would have then devised anew
  A Heaven after such a plan
  That easily the heart of man
Might reach its aim, and he his due.

229

Wise elder of the reverend brow,
  Awake, and with the dawn arise,
  And mark with grave, attentive eyes
Yon lad, a-winnowing ashes now.

Give prudent counsel to the lad
  "Sift gently, gently in the breeze
  The flashing glances of Parwíz,
The brilliant brain of Kaikobád"

230

My whim, for ever and a day,
  Is to be drinking the pure wine,
  To hear the melody divine
When gentle flute and rebeck play.

If of my dust, when life is o'er,
  Men make a pitcher for their want,
  O may it be a boundless font
Of sweetest wine for evermore.

231

Since Reason in the days we live
  Wins little profit, as I see,
  And folly and frivolity
Alone Time's benefits receive

Bring me the sovereign remedy
  Prescribed for banishing the wit,
  And haply Fate, perceiving it,
Will look on us more lovingly.

232

"Lo, I am Joseph", laughed the rose,
"My mead, the Egypt's realm I hold:
My mouth is full of shining gold,
And all with precious rubies glows."

"If thou art Joseph, rose", I said,
"Show me some sign, to know thee by"
"Hereafter", was the bloom's reply,
"Thou 'lt see my garment all a shred."

233

We, wine, and the beloved consent
To gladness in this desert place,
Freed from all hope of heavenly grace
And every fear of chastisement

We pledge to wine, sole heart's desire,
Spirit and body, robe and cup,
With Earth and Air no more bound up,
Released from Water and from Fire

234

The essence of all things that seem
Illusion is and fantasy,
Poor scholars they, who cannot see
That unsubstantial is their dream

Sit thou awhile, and with good cheer
Be drinking good, substantial wine
Heed not these flickering forms that shine
Their moment ere they disappear.

235

Thine is the Hand that fashioned us
  And graved our being to Thy skill;
  And in our mould Thou castest still
A hundred shapes right marvellous.

I think it is not possible
  That I a better man should be,
  Since on this wise Thou pouredst me
From Thy eternal crucible

236

A goodly draught of ancient wine
  Is fairer than a kingdom new
  No other end but this pursue,
And let no other path be thine

The bowl excels a hundredfold
  Feridún's empire and renown,
  The brick that doth the wine-vat crown
Kaikhusrau's diadem of gold

237

Knowest thou why at white of morn
  The dawn-arising cock doth cry
  Each moment, as in bed we lie,
His anthem mournful and forlorn?

This is the message he would bear
  "I have descried in morning's glass
  Another night of life doth pass,
And thou unwise and unaware."

238

With those brave stupids, two or three,
Who in their folly are so wise
They know, what we scarce realise,
They only know the world, not we·

Thou 'st better be an ass as well;
For they 're so sunk in assishness
That they call every man, unless
He be an ass, an infidel.

239

And yonder pitcher in its day
A hapless lover was, like me,
The bonds of his captivity
The ringlets of some beauty gay

And this same handle thou dost see
Now with my hand I fondly press
Was once a hand, that did caress
A loved one's throat as tenderly

240

A perfume lovely as the rose
Is all the yearning of my soul,
The pungent wine, the brimming bowl--
I long to lay my hand on those.

And of each part, as luck may fall,
My portion I design to take,
Before those scattered parts shall make
Their grand reunion with the All.

241

Khayyám, I bid thee happy be
If thou art drunk with wine a space,
And if, in some secluded place,
A lovely idol sits with thee

The end of all things, we are taught,
Is nothing and nonentity,
Whilst thou art something, happy be,
Imagining when thou art naught

242

So far as it is given thee,
Weigh not the world's great thrust of care,
Set not upon thy heart to bear
The load that was, or is to be

This round of days thou shalt remain
Live happily, and drink good wine,
For though a treasure-house be thine,
Thou canst not take with thee one grain

243

Take thou the portion given thee
As the revolving days go by,
The goblet grasp, and blithely lie
Before the board of jollity

God needeth not that we obey,
And should not care if we rebel
All people who on earth do dwell
Best please their fancy, while they may.

244

As I was slumbering one day
  A wise man passed, and spake to me:
  "None ever culled the rose of glee
Who all his life a-sleeping lay.

"Why art thou prone upon a thing
  That is twin-brother unto Death?
  Drink wine, as long as thou hast breath
Long lives thou shalt be slumbering."

245

Why troublest thou forever, friend,
  If all, or none, thou shalt possess,
  Or if this life in happiness
Or sorrow thou art doomed to spend?

With goodly wine the beaker crown,
  For naught I know, and gravely doubt
  If thou art destined to puff out
This very breath thou drawest down.

246

Open for me a door, O Lord,
  Whence I may win my daily bread,
  Nor scrape for favours to be fed
With remnants from the miser's board.

Preserve me, Lord, that I may so
  Be flown with wine my whole life through
  That if my head, as it may do,
Thereafter ache, I shall not know

247

Wherever crimson tulips thrust
  Their cups, and roses glow in mirth,
  There lies, beneath a press of earth,
A blushing princess, turned to dust

And wheresoever from the clay
  The violet lifts her lovely head,
  There sleeps forever, cold and dead,
Beauty that burned its life away

248

At the first blue and fitful shine
  Of dawn uprising in the skies
  Seize to thy hand, if thou art wise,
A glowing bowl of purest wine

Since it is famous among men
  That wine, like truth, is bitter stuff,
  Well, surely that is proof enough—
Wine must be right and proper, then

249

'Tis wrong to plant the barren tree
  Of dark dejection in the heart
  Read on, if thou hast learned the art,
The gospel of hilarity

There's wine to drink, and every gay
  Whim of the heart to gratify
  'Tis clear, how little thou and I
Within this world may look to stay

250

Be watchful, for the stream of days
  Stirs up much trouble, soon or late,
  Sit not secure—the sword of Fate
Is sharp, and the unwary slays

If Fortune drops into thy throat
  A lozenge, seem it oh so good,
  Suck it not down 'tis poisoned food
And, swallowed, knows no antidote

251

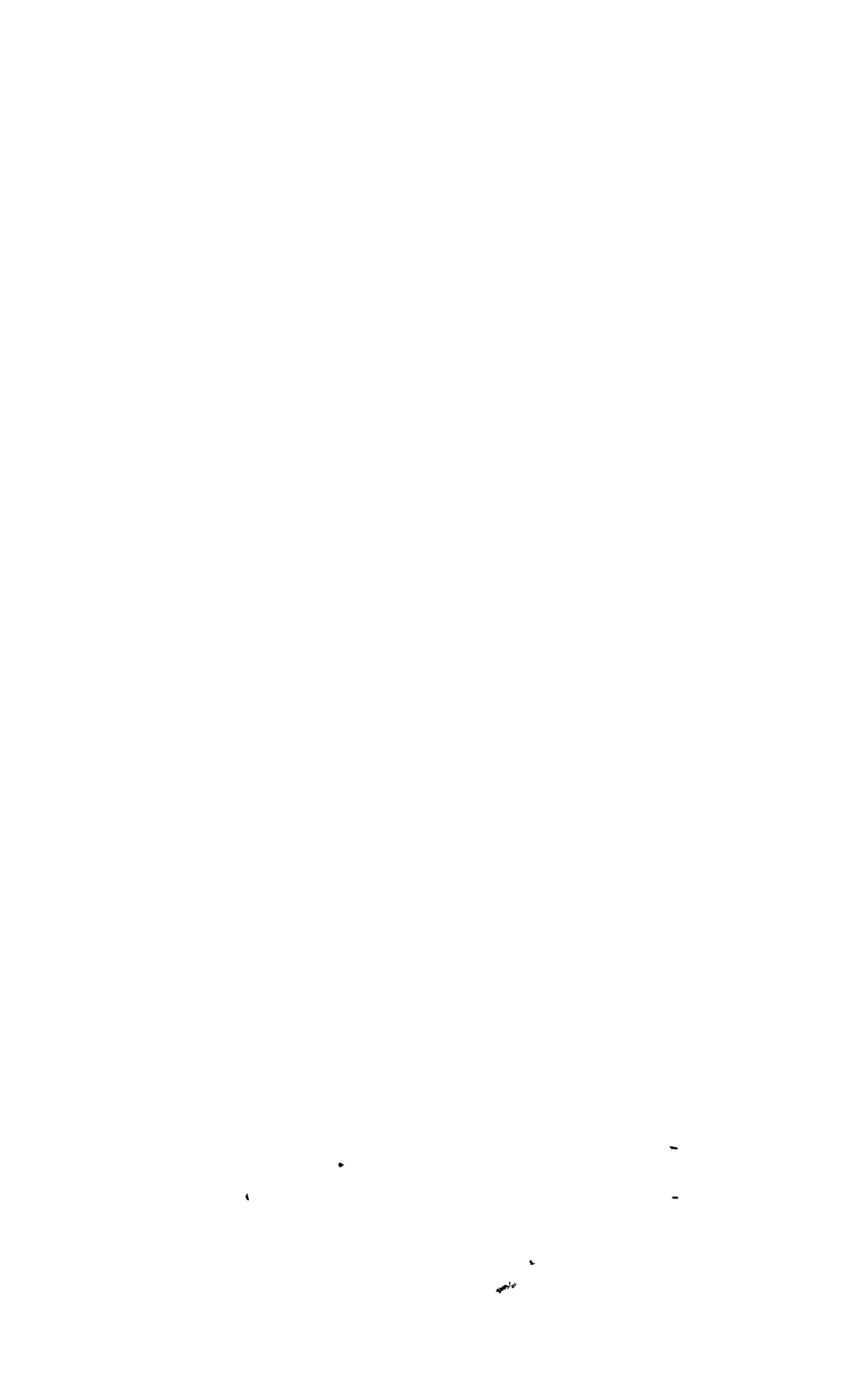
Since all the profit men obtain
  Within the Convent of Two Doors
  The heart's blood is, that grief outpours,
The soul, for yielding up again

Happy alone is he, whose doom
  Was never to be seen on Earth,
  He only knows true peace and mirth
Who never left his mother's womb

252

Dear Lord, Thy great compassion show
  Upon my heart, grief's prisoner,
  Upon my bosom, that doth bear
So huge, intolerable woe

Forgive my faltering steps, if they
  Stray where the inviting tavern stands,
  Have mercy on my trembling hands,
And take my goblet not away

NOTES

NOTES

The numbers prefixed to these notes correspond with the numbers of the poems

2 "Speculation's Steed" Omar blasphemously uses the name of Burak, the winged horse on which the Prophet Muhammad is said to have made his miraculous night-journey to heaven

4 Omar parodies the Sufi mystical doctrine that all religions are one

9 This learned joke incorporates a succession of technical terms drawn from Logic

11 Omar contrasts his controllable drunkenness with the wild enthusiasms of the Sufis' mystical intoxication

15 Medicine inspires this and other poems upon the favourite theme that wine is the antidote to the world's poisonous cares

18 Three months are held to be sacred in Islam Shaaban, Rajab, and Ramadan Of these Ramadan is the most sacred, being the month of strict fasting Nevertheless Omar, after pretending to agree with those purists who boast of observing Rajab and Shaaban strictly, utters the blasphemy that Ramadan is dedicated to his drinking

19 The last line is a good deal more rude in the Persian than in my translation

21 Omar uses the old philosophers' argument that our best friends are our worst enemies, because when they die they cause us so great sorrow

22 A metaphysical joke

24 Satan is said in the Koran to have been commanded by God to bow down and worship Adam, but refused and was therefore expelled from God's Presence Koran II 32

28 Persians cover their wine-vats with bricks. Jamshid was one of the greatest kings of ancient Persia "Mary's wondrous bread" is a reference to Koran XIX 25, where Mary is said to have been miraculously fed during the time she was bearing Jesus

30 The Magian (or Zoroastrian), not being a Moslem, was free to make and sell wine, if he could get away with it, and so the Magian boy is frequently mentioned in Persian poetry as the saki or wine-bearer

33 "That half of life" is the life after death

34 "Poor hack", the piebald world, alternately black and white in dawn and dusk

36 A fine image drawn from the oriental shadow-play the showman, who as in Punch and Judy speaks all the parts, casts the shadows of his puppets upon the drawn curtain, then, when the curtain is withdrawn, the stage is seen to be desolate

39 The "fount of immortality" is a river at the farthest ends of the earth, which Alexander is said to have sought, accompanied by his mysterious guide, after his conquest of India

48 A parody of the Gnostic doctrine, taken into Islam, that Man is the final end of creation

52 A fine medical joke

53 A parody of the exaggerated descriptions of grief and flooding tears popular with the Arab and Persian poets

58 The bathos of the reference to the fly is thoroughly characteristic of Persian poetic taste

61 Another medical jest

62 To mention the four Elements in one verse was regarded as a great elegance in Persian poetry Omar parodies the fashion

63 A mathematical joke In Islam, divorce is effected by pronouncing the formula "I divorce thee" thrice

66 The allusions in this poem have been fully explained in the introduction

70 Káús and Kobád were ancient kings of Persia, and Tús a famous city

76 The four Elements again

78 And the medical joke again

79 A comic parody of the fashionable love-poetry

83 An ingenious exercise in "principal parts of the verb"

88 Perhaps Omar's most audacious blasphemy

97 This poem is built up around a pun on the word *Maisara*, which occurs in Koran II 280 with the meaning "prosperity", but which is translatable, if construed as Persian, "wine is good" A further pun on the meaning of the word as "left" is also involved

101 Omar pictures the flask of red wine upon his crown as like the comb of a cock, the comb of the cock as like a saw, and himself as ready to be slaughtered if need be for the sake of wine The verse contains a pun on the two meanings of the word *farq*, "difference" and "crown"

105 Some of the "pots" were vocal, being still living human pots, the silent pots were of course made from the dust of once vocal human "pots"

106 Khan and Kay are royal titles

108 The grape is said to be "newly wed" when it has been freshly crushed into wine

109 Omar parodies his own melancholy

118 A half-serious parody of the exaggerated style of amorous poetry

121 Rustam was a famous hero of old Persia, his legend is familiar to English readers from Matthew Arnold's exquisite *Sohrab and Rustum* Hātim was an ancient Arab of legendary generosity

124 The old cosmogonists fancied that the earth rested upon a great fish

134 The epithet "free" (*azad*) is commonly attached to the lily and the cedar in Persian poetry Omar seeks to give the reason in a humorous etymology

142 This poem may very well have been invented to illustrate a lecture upon the circumference of a circle

146 Mahmud of Ghazna, famous for his conquest of northern India, was passionately attached to a slave-boy named Ayaz, their romance was celebrated in Persian poetry

149 An ironical comment upon the rival theories whether the world is eternal, or created in time

159 Theology and arithmetic combine to give point to this little jest no mathematician like Omar would make the mistake of confusing monotheism with dualism

160 Omar jests at the physical descriptions of the joys of Paradise in which the Koran abounds

176 Once again the four Elements

183 Men look eagerly for the new moon which marks the end of Ramadan and its austerities

187 For "Alexander's godly guide", see the note on 39

190 Omar argues against the astrologists with their talk of planetary influences

196 Zemzem is the holy well of Mecca

210 The "Night of Power" is the 27th of Ramadan, upon which angels roam freely about the world, the Koran is said to have been revealed on this night It is set aside by all good believers for exceptional pieties

205 When water is not available, it is permitted to make the ritual ablutions in sand Water is hardly to be found in a tavern, therefore the sand on the floor will prove a blameless substitute for the penitent drunkard looking for the return of his wasted life

213 This poem is said to have been spoken by Omar on his death-bed

217 Iram was a legendary city of ancient Arabia reputed to have been most beautiful, adorned with jewels and wonderful gardens Its name then became metaphorical for Paradise

218 The old cosmogonists were at variance whether there were seven or eight "layers" of Heaven here is Omar's comment on the controversy

219 More parody of the exaggerated parlance of the mystics, with their references to tears of blood, and skirts dibbled all in the blood shed from their eyes upon the ground

222 A parody of some old moralist's sermonizing

229 Parwíz and Kaikobád were ancient kings of Persia

232 Potiphar's wife rent Joseph's shirt from behind, a fact which proved Joseph's innocence when he was denounced to Potiphar see Koran XII 25-29

233. Once more the four Elements

234 Again Omar thinks of life as a shadow-play

236 Ferídún and Kaikhusrau were also kings of old Persia

244 An Arabic proverb makes Sleep the brother of Death

247 In the original, the violet is said to spring from the mole upon the cheek of a lovely maiden As the mole is black, and is sometimes said to be the ashes of a lover's heart burnt out by passion, I have felt justified in changing the image

248 An Arabic proverb says that Truth is bitter Omar makes a pretty little syllogism to prove the virtue of drinking

251 The world is said to be a convent of two doors—one for entering, and the other for leaving

252 The copyist has chosen a fine parody of a penitent's prayer to end his selection

PARALLELS FROM FITZGERALD

PARALLELS FROM FITZGERALD

Below are given those stanzas from FitzGerald's paraphrase of which the originals occur in the Cambridge manuscript of Omar Khayyám The first number in each case refers to the Cambridge manuscript, and the second (in roman figures) to FitzGerald's fourth edition, unless otherwise specified

12 XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

15 IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say,
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away

29 XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

34 XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way

36 XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I might not see
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME

38 XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
  To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

40 LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes,
  And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

51 XXXVII[1]

Ah, fill the Cup—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet
  Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!

55 LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
  Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd

60 XXI

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and Future Fears
  To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years

63 LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house,
  Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse

64 XLVIII

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
  And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

Parallels from Fitzgerald

66 I

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
  Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light

73 LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
  Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too

80 XI

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
  Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

82 XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
  And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side

86 CI

And when like her, oh Sakí, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
  And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One--turn down an empty Glass!

87 LXXVII

And this I know whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite
  One Flash of it within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright

105 LXXXII-III-VII

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
  Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay

K

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
They stood along the floor and by the wall,
And some loquacious Vessels were, and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter —Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

107 LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder, and
He bid me taste of it, and 'twas—the Grape!

114 LVI

For "IS" and "IS-NOT" though with Rule and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine

115 LXXXIV

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again"

116 XV

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again

118 LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire

121 X

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you

125 XX

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

127 XXXV

Then to the lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my life to learn
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return"

135 KXXXV

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy,
And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy"

136 VIII

Whether at Naishápur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one

138 IX

See 15

147 XIII

Some for the Glories of This World and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come,
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

159 Preface

If I myself upon a Looser Creed
Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good deed,
Let this one thing for my Atonement plead
That One for Two I never did mis-read

161 XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

165 LXV[2]

If but the Vine and Love-abjuring Band
Are in the Prophet's Paradise to stand,
Alack, I doubt the Prophet's Paradise
Were empty as the hollow of one's Hand

170 LXXXIX

"Well," murmured one "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by"

171 XCI

See 82

172 LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

173 LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays

188 LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
  The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well"

190–1 LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
  Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for it
As impotently moves as you or I

192 XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers, and anon,
  Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone

194 LXV[1]

See 165

204 XLV[1]

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be
  And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee

208 XLI

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
  And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine

211 VI

And David's lips are lockt, but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
  Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine

215 XXIII

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
  Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

226 XXIII

See 215

228 XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
  Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

239 XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
  And drink, and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

241 XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes,
  Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were—TO-MORROW you shall not be less

245 XIV*

Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin
The Thread of present Life away to win—
  What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

247 XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled,
  That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head

TABLE OF MANUSCRIPTS AND EDITIONS

The following table gives the order of the quatrains in the Cambridge manuscript, with the corresponding numbers in the principal manuscripts and editions The following abbreviations have been used

C = Cambridge MS dated 604 (1207)
ACB = Chester Beatty MS dated 658 (1259–60)
B = Bodleian MS dated 865 (1460–1)
Chr = Edition of A Christensen Copenhagen, 1927
F = Edition of M A Furughi Teheran, 1942
G = Anthology discovered by H E Qasim Ghani 14th cent
N = Edition of J B Nicolas Paris, 1867
Q = Anthology discovered by M Qazvini dated 741 (1341)
R = Edition of F Rosen Berlin, 1925
R¹ = Appendix I of preceding anthology dated 930 (1523–4)
Rem = Anthology discovered by C Rempis dated 731 (1331)
S = Anthology discovered by S Nafisi *Circa* 750 (1349)
W = Edition (2nd) of E H Whinfield London, 1901
Ftz = Paraphrase by E FitzGerald (4th edition unless otherwise noted)

C	ACB	B	Chr	F	G	N	Q	R¹	R	Rem	S	W	Ftz
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	71	—	—	226	—
2	—	—	—	—	—	120	—	—	[illegible]	—	—	147	—
3	5	—	—	56	—	—	—	5	—	—	1	—	—
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	—	—	—	268	—	190	—	—	—	[illegible]	—
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	18	—	—	—	—
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	202	53	—	—	—	—
8	—	—	—	5	—	13	—	6	—	—		72	—
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	510	—	—	—	494	—

C	ACB	B	Chr	F	G	N	Q	R	R[1]	Rem	S	W	Ftz
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	106	—	—	—	—	—
11	108	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11	—	—	—	—
12	109	—	—	63	–	142	—	—	28	—	—	155	96
13	110	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	111	126	—	—	—	—	—	249	—	—	—	386	—
15	112	—	121	158	—	402	—	286	—	—	—	444	9
16	113	—	—	86	–	—	—	136	—	—	—	—	—
17	114	—	—	—	—	110	—	99	—	—	—	—	—
18	—	—	25	—	—	65	—	61	—	—	—	68	–
19	3	142	—	—	-	--	—	294	—	–	—	492	—
20	6	137	—	—	–	367	—	273	—	—	—	412	—
21	—	8	—	—	—	—	—	12	—	—	—	–	—
22	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	268	—	--	—	424	—
23	7	—	—	62	--	125	—	94	--	—	—	152	—
24	8	—	109	—	—	—	—	200	—	—	—	213	—
25	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	—	—	—	—
26	10	51	94	[illegible]	—	157	–	[illegible]	—	26	—	176	—
27	11	—	—	--	—	310	—	37	—	–	—	343	—
28	12	—	101	105	—	215	—	160	—	—	—	253	—
29	13	—	—	—	—		--	300	—	–	—	493	38
30	14	—	—	--	—	[illegible]	—	26	—	—	—	334	—
31	15	—	–	—	--	—		—	–	—	—	—	—
32	16	—	—	57	—	--	—	—	12	-	—	—	—
33	18	59	—	—	–	—	-	90	—	—	–	213	—
34	17	—	—	17	—	67	—	21	-	—	—	70	17
35	19	130	114	152	—	351	—	259	—	—	—	393	—
36	—	--	110	—	—	—	—	240	—	—	—	389	32
37	20	–	—	—	—	—	--	55	—	—	—	--	—
38	21	—	—	10	—	200	—	—	62	—	—	442	97
39	—	–	–	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—
40	22	—	—	—	—	—	–	261	—	—	—	401	50
41	23	—	—	--	--	401	—	287	—	—	—	443	—
42	24	—	—	—	—	238	—	180	—	—	–	278	—

C	ACB	B	Chr	F	G	N	Q	R	R[1]	Rem	S	W	Ftz
76	172	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57	—	—	354	—
77	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	15	—	—	—	—
78	45	—	—	—	—	280	—	198	—	—	—	—	—
79	46	—	—	—	—	150	—	117	—	—	—	171	—
80	47	40	55	43	—	92	—	67	—	—	—	94	11
81	—	—	106	—	—	—	—	228	—	—	—	—	—
82	48	—	98	—	—	109	—	139	—	—	—	139	91
83	49	—	—	—	—	—	—	101	25	—	—	—	—
84	50	135	—	154	—	370	—	270	—	—	—	414	—
85	51	—	31	118	—	252	8	192	—	—	—	—	—
86	52	84	—	—	—	192	—	148	—	—	—	205	101
87	1	2	52	—	—	222	—	172	40	—	—	262	77
88	53	141	—	—	—	—	—	285	—	—	—	388	—
89	54	—	—	—	—	—	—	88	—	—	—	229	—
90	2	—	—	—	—	275	—	208	—	—	—	318	—
91	55	—	—	85	—	—	—	135	—	—	—	—	—
92	56	—	100	—	—	170	—	134	—	—	—	186	—
93	57	—	—	166	4	354	6	263	—	29	—	306	—
94	58	146	36	164	—	404	—	299	—	—	—	446	—
95	59	—	—	—	—	391	—	290	—	—		423	—
96	60	—	—	104	—	198	—	156	—	—	—	242	—
97	61	—	87	—	—	—	—	41	—	—	—	—	—
98	62	—	—	—	—	434	—	313	—	—	—	469	—
99	63	—	102	110	—	214	—	165	—	—	—	—	—
100	64	39	—	40	—	—	—	65	—	—	—	105	—
101	65	57	—	—	—	—	—	82	—	—	—	236	—
102	66	—	—	—	—	234	—	178	—	—	—	273	—
103	67	—	—	—	—	301	—	—	51	—	—	337	—
104	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	—	—
105	68	—	—	117	—	243	—	187	—	28	—	283	82 3
106	—	—	—	—	—	279	—	231	55	—	—	—	—
107	69	—	105	—	—	244	—	188	—	—	—	284	58
108	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	166	—	—	—	—	—

Table of Manuscripts and Editions

C	ACB	B	Chr	F	G	N	Q	R	R¹	Rem	S	W	Ftz
109	70	29	61	32	—	44	—	42	—	—	—	47	—
110	71	—	—	—	—	439	—	291	—	—	—	472	—
111	72	—	111	—	—	345	—	254	—	—	—	383	—
112	73	—	—	—	—	339	—	252	—	—	—	378	—
113	74	—	—	157	—	—	—	283	—	—	—	—	—
114	75	120	—	—	—	300	—	234	—	—	—	336	56
115	—	—	—	115	—	—	—	185	—	—	—	290	84
116	76	68	7	80	—	156	—	124	—	—	—	75	16
117	77	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	—
118	—	33	58	-	—	90	—	50	—	—	—	92	67
119	78	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
120	79	—	5	111	—	217	—	167	38	—	—	258	—
121	80	—	—	—	—	416	—	303	—	—	—	455	10
122	—	25	39	35	—	82	—	47	—	—	—	84	—
123	81	—	—	—	—	262	—	201	—	—	—	305	-
124	82	133	[illegible]	153	—	358	—	266	—	—	—	404	—
125	83	—	81	51	—	59	—	73	—	—	—	62	20
126	84		—	—	—	37	—	31	—	—	-	41	—
127	85	100	65	—	—	—	—	177	—	—	—	274	35
128	86	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	—	—	—	—	—
129	87	—	—	101	—	195	—	152	—	—	—	240	—
130	88	—	—	—	—	-	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
131	89	—	—	—	—	241	—	184	—	—	—	281	—
132	—	—	—	—	—	-	—	225	—	—	—	—	—
133	90	129	35	152	—	348	12	[illegible]	—	—	-	390	—
134	—	—	—	—	—	373	—	276	—	—	—	410	-
135	91	10	77	22	—	38	—	10	—	2	—	42	85
136	92	47	93	53	—	105	—	81	—	—	—	134	8
137	93	—	—	—	—	302	—	224	—	-	—	338	—
138	94	—	118	178	—	454	—	328	—	—	—	484	9
139	95	—	—	—	—	124	—	84	—	—	—	151	—
140	—	—	21	—	—	—	—	30	—	—	—	-	—
141	96	—	-	—	—	—	—	[illegible]	-	—	-	—	—

C	ACB	B	Chı	F	G	N	Q	R	R[1]	Rem	S	W	Fız
142	97	—	80	34	—	—	11	50	—	—	—	—	—
143	98	—	51	24	—	—	5	56	—	—	—	—	—
144	99	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
145	100	—	—	—	—	419	—	305	—	—	—	458	—
146	101	—	—	—	—	219	—	169	—	—	—	259	—
147	102	34	—	41	—	—	—	62	—	—	—	108	13
148	103	—	—	—	—	138	—	111	—	—	—	162	—
149	104	112	9	127	—	284	4	219	56	25	6	324	—
150	105	—	—	—	—	—	—	296	—	—	—	495	—
151	106	—	—	—	—	282	—	209	—	—	—	327	—
152	107	—	—	—	—	355	—	204	—	—	—	397	—
153	—	95	—	—	—	216	—	170	—	—	—	257	—
154	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	—
155	—	30	—	—	—	51	—	45	—	—	—	54	—
156	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17	—	—	—	—
157	123	—	—	—	—	233	—	—	46	—	—	272	—
158	—	—	—	—	—	375	—	278	—	—	—	418	—
159	169	1	104	—	—	229	—	176	45	—	—	268	Pref
160	124	—	4	87	—	168	—	137	—	—	—	385	—
161	125	—	28	175	—	448	—	320	—	—	—	479	12
162	126	—	—	151	—	349	—	260	—	—	—	391	—
163	127	—	—	89	—	—	—	138	—	—	—	—	—
164	—	—	—	12	—	21	—	18	—	—	—	25	—
165	128	—	11	42	—	64	—	63	—	—	—	67	65[2]
166	129	—	—	—	—	—	—	98	—	—	—	—	—
167	130	—	—	—	—	—	—	83	—	—	—	—	—
168	131	23	—	—	—	43	—	38	—	—	—	46	—
169	—	—	47	113	—	235	3	—	44	—	—	—	—
170	170	116	40	—	—	200	—	220	58	—	—	330	89
171	171	—	70	—	—	7	—	5	—	—	—	6	91
172	115	—	—	—	—	445	—	324	—	—	—	—	62
173	116	94	6	—	—	231	—	168	—	—	—	270	69
174	117	—	—	114	—	237	—	181	—	—	—	277	—

Table of Manuscripts and Editions

C	ACB	B	Chr	F	G	N	Q	R	R[1]	Rem	S	W	Ftz
175	118	156	—	162	—	447	—	321	—	—	[illegible]	475	—
176	119	—	—	—	—	393	—	293	—	—	—	435	—
177	120	—	82	—	—	—	—	32	—	—	—	—	—
178	—	—	108	—	—	315	—	238	52	—	—	347	—
179	121	—	—	20	—	29	—	28	—	9	—	33	—
180	122	—	—	173	—	—	—	312	—	—	—	460	—
181	143	—	—	—	—	—	—	211	—	—	—	—	—
182	144	—	—	103	—	—	—	155	36	—	—	—	—
183	145	—	—	—	—	—	—	112	—	—	—	—	—
184	146	—	—	—	—	—	—	46	—	—	—	—	—
185	147	—	—	—	—	291	—	223	—	—	—	331	—
186	148	—	—	—	—	293	—	215	—	—	—	—	—
187	—	—	—	—	—	449	—	322	—	—	—	480	—
188	—	—	85	31	—	—	—	40	—	—		126	78
189	149	—	—	74	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—
190	—	41	85	48	—	95	—	70	—	—	—	96	72
191	—	134	43	—	—	365	—	269	—	—	—	408	72
192	—	—	—	103	—	199	—	154	35	—	—	243	15
193	132	—	—	—	—	145	—	120	—	—	—	107	—
194	133	127	—	147	—	[illegible]	—	256	—	—	—	351	—
195	134	—	—	—	—	205	—	—	37	—	—	[illegible]	—
196	135	—	—	71	—	132	—	193	—	—	—	158	—
197	136	85	8	96	—	191	—	149	—	—	—	—	—
198	137	82	—	92	—	—	—	147	—	—	—	210	—
199	138	—	—	—	—	—	—	102	—	—	—	—	—
200	139	—	—	150	—	334	—	248	—	8	—	—	—
201	140	—	—	—	—	298	—	213	—	—	—	325	—
202	141	3	74	4	—	12	—	1	—	—	—	11	—
203	142	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
204	—	—	—	—	—	326	—	244	—	—	—	367	45[1]
205	150	—	—		—	—	—	234	—	—	—	339	—
206	151	—	—	—	—	—	—	11	—	—	—	—	—
207	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	93	—	—	—	230	—

C	ACB	B	Chr	F	G	N	Q	R	R¹	Rem	S	W	Ftz
208	152	73	—	83	—	176	—	133	—	—	—	191	41
209	153	—	17	69	—	—	1	115	—	—	10	—	—
210	—	—	—	—	—	41	—	34	—	—	—	45	—
211	154	67	—	79	—	153	—	123	—	—	—	174	6
212	155	—	—	—	—	356	—	265	—	—	—	398	—
213	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	503	—
214	156	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
215	157	—	—	—	—	325	—	242	—	—	—	366	23
216	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	122	—	—	—	—	—
217	158	—	—	—	—	101	—	76	—	—	—	102	—
218	—	—	—	26	—	42	—	33	—	—	—	—	—
219	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9	—	—	—	—
220	—	—	119	—	—	422	—	307	—	—	—	—	—
221	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	52	—	—	—	—	—
222	159	91	16	—	—	200	—	163	32	—	—	244	—
223	160	—	—	—	—	161	—	127	—	—	—	179	—
224	—	—	120	—	—	410	—	298	—	—	—	450	—
225	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	191	—	—	—	—	—
226	161	—	89	8	—	70	—	9	—	—	—	73	23
227	—	—	—	100	—	197	—	150	—	—	—	241	—
228	162	—	—	145	—	340	—	251	—	—	—	379	99
229	163	—	—	112	—	—	10	—	—	—	—	—	—
230	—	—	107	—	—	299	—	235	—	—	—	—	—
231	164	—	—	—	—	—	—	107	—	—	—	224	—
232	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	229	—	—	—	352	—
233	—	7	66	6	—	18	—	8	—	—	—	22	—
234	—	—	—	—	—	256	—	194	—	—	—	297	—
235	165	—	—	—	—	380	—	281	—	—	—	421	—
236	—	139	—	156	—	382		282	—	14	—	—	—
237	—	—	—	—	—	426	—	327	61	—	—	463	—
238	—	—	—	—	—	130	—	100	—	—	—	156	—
239	—	9	38	15	—	28	—	20	—	—	—	32	36
240	—	—	99	—	—	163	—	128	—	—	—	181	—

Table of Manuscripts and Editions

C	ACB	B	Chr	F	G	N	Q	R	R[1]	Rem	S	W	Ftz
241	166	102	3	116	—	242	—	186	—	—	–	282	42
242	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	79	—	—	—	—	
243	151	—	—	—	—	199	—	—	—	—	—	239	—
244	—	27	59	33	—	48	—	43	—	—	—	51	—
245	—	136	—	155	—	366	—	272	—	—	—	411	14[2]
246	—	—	—	—	—	458	—	3[illegible]9	—	—	—	48[illegible]	—
247	—	43	46	49	—	—	—	48	—	—	—	104	19
248	—	—	—	–	—	185	—	144	—	–	-	200	—
249	167	—	—	—	—	147	—	1[illegible]6	—	—	—	—	—
250	168	—	—	—	–	—	—	75	—	—	-	103	—
251	—	—	103	—	—	—	—	159	31	—	—	—	—
252	41	—	—	—	—	346	—	243	—	—	—	384	-